

Father Gerard's Diaries.

IN a few weeks' time, we shall have reached the first anniversary—December 13—of Father John Gerard's death, and the occasion seems a suitable one for recording some further impressions of his character and attainments. Our previous notices dealt with the chief events of his career and the most striking features of his personality. There was little remarkable in his life as seen from the outside; he was not much in the public eye; the man in the street knew him not at all. But, notwithstanding the obscurity of his profession and the comparatively narrow range to which it confined him, his was a life full of strenuous activity. As student, as professor, as director of studies, as editor, as ruler of the English Province, his days were filled with varied exertions which made their mark upon his surroundings. In spite of a ubiquitous, inquisitive press, it is still true that the work of the world is mainly done by those of whom the public knows little. In the political world it is the permanent official who rules, more at least than the statesman who proposes and carries legislation. Publicity is no measure of power. Still Father Gerard did not lack his *vates sacer*; he was an indefatigable note-taker, and, incidentally, a living refutation of the belief that such a practice weakens memory. He did his best always to retain his grasp upon the past, to perpetuate transient scenes and sayings and incidents; it might be said that he was his own Boswell.

Although he destroyed practically all his correspondence, he left behind him a large collection of note-books and journals, some fragmentary, some continuous, detailing different phases of his interests — spiritual notes, notes on natural history, chronicles of daily events, books for odd jottings, rough sketches of lectures and papers, poems and literary essays, &c. — not by any means an orderly collection in volumes of uniform size and binding, but a very motley set, in appearance as well as contents. Father

Gerard was not a man to elaborate the means at the risk of practically forgetting the end; his notes were meant solely for his own use and behoof, and they therefore illustrate all the more graphically his mental attitudes. There is singularly little direct revelation of feeling in them: sentiment even of a religious character was never allowed much voice in Father Gerard's life; he was capable of deep friendships and warm attachments, but these emotions were always under control. He had his prejudices: a marked anti-Irish bias was often perceptible though many of his closest friends were of that nationality; but one might search these records in vain for any indication of real uncharitableness or pettiness of feeling. The presuppositions of the Christian faith are, of course, always operative; this alert, inquisitive, independent intellect did not commit the common folly of asserting a false and suicidal liberty; but the fullest homage is also paid to human reason as a sure means of arriving at truth.

Many pages of this life-history would be of course unintelligible to those unfamiliar with the inner doings and customs of a religious body; much too is purely personal or official, but there remains a good deal which is valuable both in itself and as throwing light upon a singularly strong and upright character. From this residuum we propose to give a series of illustrative extracts, following no particular order save, loosely, that of time.

The earliest document in Father Gerard's handwriting which survives is aptly enough the letter which he wrote from Stonyhurst in June, 1856, to his father, asking him to consent to his son's entrance into the Society. The boy was then just at the beginning of his sixteenth year and at the end of his College course; his abilities were very marked and his prospects in the world sufficiently brilliant to make the renunciation of them a real sacrifice. But he felt the call and did not hesitate. He wrote:

Dear Papa,—I hope you will have no objection to a most important step which I am thinking of taking. During most of last year, and all this, I have been thinking and praying to know my vocation, and I have also very often consulted with Father Fitzsimon on this subject. I now think that I see pretty clearly that I ought to go into religion. This being the case, I should particularly wish to be a Jesuit, as I feel the strongest calling for the Society. I trust, dear Papa, you will not have any objection, for I am convinced that it is my vocation. Pray write as

soon as you possibly can and tell me what you think. I wish you would also mention how soon you would let me go to my noviceship. I think the sooner the better, for the longer I delay the greater danger there will be of my losing my vocation, which would be a terrible thing for me to do. Write as soon as you can. . . . Good-bye now, dear Papa.—I remain, your affectionate son,

JOHN GERARD.

This very matter-of-fact announcement is endorsed in his mother's handwriting—"Received at Carstairs. Friday, June 13, 1856," and it came again into its writer's hands on her death in 1870. We may presume that Father Gerard's parents readily approved of his choice of a career, for he joined the noviceship that year in due course. They were both exemplary Catholics, unlikely to be influenced by worldly considerations. And their son was devotedly attached to them, as may be seen by incidental references in his diary. Only his father survived, however, to see him ordained. He notes on September 22, 1873, "First Mass; served by my father." Later on, after recording a day's fishing in June, 1880, he adds: "This was the day Papa was with me. I am glad that he once accompanied me on the well-loved banks of Hodder. He took immense interest in the trout I killed just below the Inn [at Whitewell]. I am also glad that he was—*proprio motu*—much taken with Doeford."

This must have been their last expedition together, for his father died at Salzburg in the following October. Filial piety has preserved some details of his last illness, during part of which his son was by his bedside. They indicate a genuine Christian spirit. He said, for instance:

"How nice if I could die this week while John is here." "I don't think I leave an enemy in the world." "I think we may call ourselves a very happy family."

He looked back [the record tells us] with consolation to what he had done for the poor people in the West Indies, who had been living like heathens, and now have all means of the Sacraments. His thought was all for others; he hoped to die in the day-time so as not to disturb his children's rest. When they had gathered round him agonizing for three hours and he recovered a bit, he begged pardon for keeping them in for nothing. They might have been out taking a walk. Eating a ptarmigan reminded him of shooting a brace right and left on the top of Shehallion—and that again of Aytoun's "Burial March of Dundee," which he insisted on hearing read.

Duties at Stonyhurst—he was then Prefect of Studies—called him back before the end came. When the Rector, a week or so later, gave him the sad news, he was noticed by a boy waiting outside to be weeping copiously as he came out of the room. It was from Stonyhurst, where he was then teaching Rhetoric, that he had been summoned ten years earlier to his mother's death-bed, but of that he records only the fact that he was just in time.

The Father Fitzsimon mentioned in the above letter was then the Spiritual Director of the boys. Father Gerard had a great esteem for him, and he records some edifying details of his last days at Stonyhurst.

7.3.81. Poor Father Fitzsimon—the celebrated "Fitz" of many generations—has come here to-day to die. . . . I went to look him up in the Infirmary this afternoon. "I'm done now," said he; "fairly finished. You know it's the Nones of March; . . . and when I left Manchester this morning I said to myself: 'The Nones of March: total collapse of old Fitz'; and here I am for the first time in my life with no work to do." There are a great number of stories in Saints' lives far less edifying to my mind than this.

8.3.81. Those who remember Father Fitz's style of preaching (which a mathematician described as constantly opening brackets and never closing them) will appreciate old Dick Eccles' remark to-day when compassionately panegyricizing him to me, especially for his constant work—"preaching! he couldn't get done."

19.3.81. Good Father Fitz. told Joachim Palomo the other day that all through his life he had had a sort of idea of saving his soul, "and lately, do you know, I'm beginning to think that I shall succeed."

16.6.81. Down just now with good Father Fitz. He was rambling and did not know me, neither could I catch his words, except "Mary" several times repeated. I thought he wanted the infirmary maid and appealed to Fletcher, the old watchman, who was seated at the foot of the bed. "Nay," he replied, "it's nabbut the Blessed Virgin; he's allus atalking to her."

An irrepressible love of nature and zest for studying her various aspects run riot through these memoranda. Although he kept a separate series for strictly natural history observations, he could not refrain from jotting down his impressions amidst every other sort of entry. He had all the keen interest in outward phenomena that goes to the formation of a competent scientific man. Not unfrequently we come across records like the following:

22.1.74. In the course of a walk to-day completed the cycle of my observations upon the yearly history of a certain little brae by the Elwy, near Pont-y-Newydd. I took notice of it first in April, when it was all a-feather with anemones. Early in September on a wretched dank day—a day when the smoke of a pipe hung in the sodden air—it had nothing to show above its fading grass but a few dripping seedy ragworts. Towards the end of October they, too, had gone, and the whole face of the slope was leathery with fungus. And now to-day it is a *tabula rasa*, with short brown grass covering it unbrokenly: waiting to begin the same history over again.

7.5.74. Out on Elwy, below Pont-y-Cock, and enjoyed most amazingly the luxuriant beauty of the river-side. Even now it is almost summery, though a few early flowers—primroses and violets, and here and there a celandine—form a link with the days of March, when, save for these and such as they, the now teeming earth was bare. There had been heavy rain in the night and morning, the first for weeks, and Nature seemed to be wantoning in "the luxury of splash," and of washing the dust off her limbs and fatigue out of them. Everything was on the move: leaves almost visibly broadening, grass-blades shooting, buds bursting. Every wood was a blue *parterre* of hyacinth or a white one of garlic. The fields were beginning to gleam with buttercups, the hedges to be dashed with may. The sweet waste wildernesses that hang about the shingles of rivers were a tangle of big grass and long chickweed and marsh-marigolds, and the broad leaves of the butter-burr, while the defunct flowers of the last had left their monument in tall white spikes of pappus—the first time, I fear, that I ever noticed it. And the trees—what green of oaks and golden-brown of poplars, what silkiness of beech-leaves, what honey-dropping blossom on the sycamores! What complementary contrasts of the red cliffs and the young wood they peeped through down below the weir; what swelling mosaics of foliage on the steep bank above!

And meanwhile the lapwing screamed as I went too near her nest; and the chaffinch "pinked" to tell me of his; and the young rooks yelped at the top of the elms in the little rookery.

23.5.75. (In Belgium.) Two growing things play a to me unusual part in the Flemish landscape. The Ragged Robin comes out in such wonderful force as to overpower the buttercups, so that meadows blush rosy instead of gleaming golden. Also, the Poplar makes itself perceptible, not only as is obvious to the eye but to the ear as well. For a long time I was ever and anon led into the belief that some little rain had at least been vouchsafed to this droughtiest of summers, being unable at the moment otherwise to explain the rustling noise that was borne upon the ear. But now I find that the poplar-leaves, which are

never quiet even when the foliage of other trees gives not a sign of movement, suffice in this poplary country to prevent a solemn stillness from ever getting hold of all the air.

It was after his theological studies and ordination, when in 1875 he had been appointed to direct the studies at St. Francis Xavier's College, Liverpool, that Father Gerard began to come more before the public eye. The effect of his personality on all that concerned the working of his new charge was great and immediate. A boy at the College during this time writes enthusiastically of his first impressions of the new Prefect of Studies:

We became aware suddenly of modern text-books and of teaching with a definite eye on a future career in a competitive world: we heard of public examinations, and we began for the first time to take part in them.¹

Again:

Nothing could be more delightful, or more unlike the routine matters described in the text-books, than Father Gerard's lectures on scientific subjects. . . . I said "nothing," but I forgot something even better: his country walks with young nature enthusiasts, which made life and common things seem to wear an entirely new face for us.¹

The writer goes on to give other instances of the gift Father Gerard had in kindling enthusiasm even for the driest subjects. But outside school matters he was giving more and more attention to the prevalent rationalism which, as voiced by Huxley, Morley, Spencer and others, was then insolently claiming to be the last and highest effort of human thought. That rationalism is now more modest, that Huxley and his school are somewhat discredited as philosophers, that evolution has become a mere shibboleth, an object of faith rather than of demonstration,—all this is to some extent due to the keen and merciless criticism which this young professor then began to direct against the vague assertions and baseless assumptions of the materialists. His first important essay in this matter was his paper on Huxley's biography of Hume, entitled "Hume and Huxley on Miracles,"—which appeared in *THE MONTH* in 1879. His note-books at this period are full of acute criticism of various dogmas put forth by the rationalists or appearing second-hand in the press. And

¹ *The Xaverian*, February, 1913.

for this purpose his training in logic and his minute investigation of nature admirably fitted him. Here are some specimens:

30.i.78. The very school (of Huxley and Co.) who deify the observation of sensible facts and declare these as physicists the only basis of knowledge, and are driven as metaphysicians to deny the possibility of knowing anything objective. What a nemesis!

29.xi.78. "The Unknown and Unknowable"—why and how unknowable? If there be nothing but matter and we be the highest development of its powers, what is there to prevent us knowing what those powers are? Or at least what is there to prevent there being some day a development capable of such knowledge. By the very acknowledgment of an Unknowable you acknowledge an essence of a different order from those who cannot know (*i.e.*, comprehend) Him.

1.xii.78. "Straining the eyes" by trying to read in the dark—what strains them? Surely not the mere exposing of the optic nerve to less vigorous rays. There must be something behind forcing them to work.

24.ii.79. I am ever more and more struck with the utter futility of modern scientific materialism. It refuses to believe in spirit because it cannot see or touch it, when if there *be* spirit it must be of its essence to be invisible and impalpable. It believes in ether which is invisible and impalpable because of the necessity imposed by the phenomenon of light. It acknowledges that the phenomenon of thought cannot "thinkably" be explained by any material forces (Tyndall), yet it does not see that this necessitates the acknowledgment of an immaterial force.

1.7.79. "Philosophers" talk of matter as having in it the inherent capability of evolving all; and at the same time tell us that matter is "inert." As well say that chessmen have an inherent tendency to win games *because* they will always stay still on the squares on which they are set.

6.8.79. Rationalista says to me that he believes that we are to melt "into the infinite azure of the past," and attacks my contrary belief in the interests of truth. But where are the rights of truth on his hypothesis? I, believing what I do (though false), am happier, and therefore my life is a better life than can be he or his life with his "truth"; therefore he is assailing the actually better in the name of good!¹

One might fill many pages with equally shrewd criticisms

¹ As to this same "infinite azure of the past," Monteith well remarks on the force of words—"he says the 'infinite azure of the past,' and everybody cries 'how beautiful!';—but if he had said, as he might just as well, 'the mud-coloured fog of the past,' they would say 'how beastly!'"

of the barren philosophy of materialism. It was a dream of Father Gerard, recorded as early as June, 1880, "to write a common-sense philosophy, *i.e.*, to apply in popular language the great principles of philosophy to questions which everybody talks about, and cares about, and to show that conclusions founded on true philosophy are the only ones which common sense can look in the face and accept." He goes on to point out, discussing the "law" of the "survival of the fittest," that it is not the highly organized, complex existences that are best fitted to survive. Life requires a special and easily deranged arrangement of atoms: why should they not rather persist in a system which cannot be easily deranged, the inorganic? Why fight so violently for this unremunerative form of existence?

The "law" comes to this—"that matter will in the world be sure eventually to come into that form in which the world is most fitted to support it." And that form is the inorganic in which it asks nothing from the world—neither seasons, nor crops, nor anything extrinsic to itself.

Other vagaries of thought were not spared in these self-communings of Father Gerard: the absurdity of a Christian Church not knowing its own doctrines and not enforcing discipline comes in for comment now and again:—

Apropos of the tower of St. Mary's Church, Townlands Street (Liverpool) [he writes in April, 1878], at each angle of the tower there is a weathercock; they are all pointing different ways; therefore we call them bad weathercocks. But if the clergy inside the church all think out different doctrines it is called "the liberty of the individual mind."

He was a diligent collector of quaint Lancashire sayings and stories. For instance, he records how an old otter-huntsman in the employ of Squire Lomax, being upbraided by a Methodist preacher for hunting poor beasts and told to imitate the preacher's self in hunting the Lord, made answer—"Hunt the Lord, do you; well then you're on a d—d cold scent."

9.9.78. Charity sermons at Clitheroe yesterday. While Dr. Roskell, the Bishop, was preaching, the three Lancashire door-keepers thus spoke:

No. 1. "It's not often we have a secular priest in this church."

No. 2. "'Bout twice in ten year."

No. 3 (considerately). "Well, he does his best."

19.5.79. A story I heard yesterday at Woolton. An old Lancashire man seemed overnight to be certainly dying. In the morning the Priest found him still alive. "Ay," he explained, "I thowt I wor bound to dee, but I could mak nowt on it."

He was fond too of recording dreams (which in several cases he claims turned out to be prophetic).

12.2.81. Had a dream last night that should be interesting in the history of evolution. In it met a man who had had a wonderful cat which developed visibly. "It got cleverer and cleverer—and then it developed a conscience—and finally a soul—and got damned."

19.1.70. Came last night across a professor of the art of drawing, who promised to make an artist in one lesson. I quoted Ruskin. "Ruskin," said he, "why, he once drew a ball and people played bandy with it, taking it for a real one, and only found out their mistake by its slipping under a door. And he once made a canal, and made it go up the side of a hill." "How?" I asked. "He got all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood to stand on one end, and the other tilted up." It is perhaps unnecessary to add that I met the professor in my dreams.

Many stories of abnormal psychical experiences are set down in these notes. Some we have quoted in a previous article as coming within his own experience. The following are second-hand:

2.6.87. Mr. Arthur Langdale relates that Lord Mowbray at Stourton was awakened lately by the words—"Remember the hundred"; he put it aside as a delusion, but later in the day, heard of the death of Henry Clifford, with whom he had when young made a compact that the survivor should have one hundred Masses said for the other. These he at once procured.

Father Purbrick *apropos* of this told us that Father Coleridge one day at recreation told the Farm Street Fathers that, going that morning up to the altar, he distinctly heard—"Say Mass for Miss Swift," so distinctly that he said it for her. After he had told the story a telegram was brought to the room announcing her death at 7 that morning.

The most active portion of Father Gerard's life was spent in teaching and examining boys, and his notes contain frequent traces of this occupation. The number of possible "howlers" is of course infinite, and youthful ingenuity finds ever fresh ways of going wrong: many choice specimens enlivened for the examiner the dreary task of testing brains, and he carefully chronicled them:

Asked Grammarians (March '89) their opinion of the relative merits of Virgil and Ovid. Almost to a boy they plumped for Ovid, chiefly on the ground that he kept the rules better. The following are especially good reasons:

'Ovid wrote hexameters and pentameters, Virgil hexameters only; therefore Ovid was the best.'

'Virgil wrote Epics showing he was not up to Elegiacs.'

'Though Ovid is the best poet, Virgil has his advantages for boys, being more prosy and easier to translate.'

'Ovid says all in a couplet. Virgil perhaps takes five lines and stops in the middle of the sixth.'

His collections were published from time to time in the *Stonyhurst Magazine*; a few will bear repetition here:

Rule for the use of moods: "Dactyls are put in the Indicative and Spondees in the Subjunctive."

τραγωδία (explanation of term): "The goat used to sing before it died."

Explain the *Rostra*: "The magistrates sat there and they are called *beaks*."

Apes cum stripe necata (translation at sight): "Monkeys with their tails cut off."

Father Gerard's proficiency in Latin verse was very remarkable. In the following *jeu d'esprit* he keenly satirizes the practice. It may be called "A Nursery Rhyme¹ by the Aid of the Gradus":²

Arbori [*fago patula vel ulmo*]
parvus [*haud magnus; minima statura*]
advolat [*fertur strepitante penna,*
fortibus alis:]
passer [*ex versu coleber Catulli*]
masculi vero generis, [*quod esset*
ex supradictis satis, ut videtur,
conjiendum]

Lætus et cantat [*canit ore læto;*
Carmini indulget vacuus labore;
dulcibus flectens modulis loquelam,
aera pulsat]

En puer parvus [*juveni figura:
junior vultus: animosus infans;*]
advenit [*gressu tacito propinquat,
 pervenit, adstat*]

■ "A Little Cock Sparrow sat upon a tree."

^a In this non-classical age it may be necessary to state that the "Gradus" is a sort of dictionary of synonyms and poetical phrases, designed to aid the imagination of the Latin versifier.

non sine telis]

undine missa]

mittitur frustra [*per inane fertur:*]

avolat ales!

As time went on the entries grew much shorter until finally little else was recorded except natural phenomena and the intentions for which he offered Mass—the main interests of his life to the end. It may be of interest to know that a further selection of Father Gerard's scientific papers is in preparation, which may serve as a companion to his popular *Essays on Un-Natural History*. His is an example and an influence which Catholics will do well not to allow to pass into oblivion.

J. K.

Catholic Principles and Social Policy.

WITH the increased interest in social questions among Catholics during the last few years such phrases as Catholic social reform and 'Catholic social principles have become hackneyed. It is worth while to ask whether these phrases have any real meaning. Is there any policy of social reform which has a right to be called Catholic? Undoubtedly we have our Catholic principles, some of which bear directly upon certain aspects of social life; and in these cases we are imperatively required to adopt certain definite policies. But a definite attitude on a few questions like Divorce or Secular education does not constitute a body of social principles, nor give us a comprehensive social policy. No doubt if the people around us were all professed Materialists or Malthusians or Anarchists or Communists, Catholics would be at issue with their contemporaries on so many points that their social policy would rightly be considered distinctive. But taking our English world as we find it, composed as it is of moderate Tories and moderate Liberals and moderate Labourists, is Catholic principle and policy clearly marked off from those of these other groups? Or is it not true that there is no distinctively Catholic policy, but that Catholicism is compatible with the general aims of any of these other schools; though occasionally on questions of Eugenics, Education and similar matters Catholic principles will emphatically veto certain proposals that may commend themselves to other people.

The impression that there is no distinctive Catholic social policy is strengthened when we see Catholics in the ranks of all parties, and divided on almost all particular issues just as other people are divided. Home Rule, Women's Suffrage, Welsh Disestablishment, the House of Lords, the Insurance Act, these are the great political issues of the day, yet there is less unanimity on these questions among Catholics than among Wesleyans. If we look among Catholic theorists and writers we find the same divergences. Compare Mr. Hilaire Belloc and Mr. W. S. Lilly!

Another test of the question is to examine the proposals put forward by those who specially call themselves Catholic social reformers. There is one publication of the Catholic Social Guild which professes to give a programme, and that is in a pamphlet entitled *Catholic Social Reform*, by Father Thomas Wright. This pamphlet begins with the statement that:

The programme to which the Catholic Social Guild is at present committed may be briefly described under its six headings, viz.: Poor Law Reform, Catholic Citizenship, Housing Reform, School Clinics, Trade Schools, and a Living Wage.

Even if the above headings represented definite proposals to which the Catholic Social Guild was committed they might amount to a C.S.G. policy, but hardly to a Catholic policy. No one will claim that Catholic doctrine requires a belief in school clinics and trade schools. However, it is only in a very broad sense that the Catholic Social Guild can be said to be committed to any programme. The items of reform enumerated by Father Wright indicate no specific proposals that the C.S.G. as a body supports; they merely indicate certain fields of social work to which members of the Guild are recommended to direct their energies. Take the first question, Poor Law Reform. I suppose all Catholics—and all non-Catholics—are agreed that some reform is extremely desirable. There the agreement ends. When we come to consider methods of reform there is wide and sometimes vehement disagreement among Catholics. Catholic Poor Law reformers are divided exactly as non-Catholic reformers are divided, into partizans of the Minority or Majority reports or to the third school which differs from both the former and which would retain the present system of Boards of Guardians with various amendments.

Similarly we might take the question of the Living Wage. It is to the credit of Catholics that since the publication of the *Rerum novarum* in 1891 they have been the foremost propagandists of the doctrine of the Living Wage. Even at the present time when it is accepted and proclaimed on all hands it is only Catholics who have a sound ethical basis for the demand. Other reformers base their advocacy either on grounds of mere sentiment or of commercial expediency. But as to means of securing the living wage we find serious differences of opinion amongst Catholics. Mr. Hilaire Belloc

objects to the method of legal enactment on the ground that it must lead to the Servile State; and he has apparently so much impressed other Catholics that his objection is advanced (though somewhat doubtfully) in an editorial note to the Catholic Social Guild pamphlet on *The Living Wage* by the Rev. Dr. Ryan. Personally I anticipate a speedy re-union on this point, for closer consideration will show that Mr. Belloc's argument is based on a misunderstanding of the legislation on the subject.

It seems apparent that on most current questions of social policy Catholics are divided; and when they do agree among themselves they generally agree also with the rest of the world. In what intelligible sense, therefore, can we speak of Catholic Social Reform and Catholic Social Principles? The question is an important and a difficult one. Some Catholics have categorically denied that there is a Catholic social policy. They have held that religious principles do not help us to solve concrete economic problems. Social reform is merely a matter of the re-adjustment of social and economic machinery. A favourite aphorism of these people is that "economic evils require economic remedies." They would admit that religion is of supreme value in life and therefore that even if all the problems of poverty were solved, religion would still be necessary to the highest welfare of society. Further they would admit that in a few specified questions, as divorce, education and the treatment of the feeble minded, distinctively Catholic principles do become involved; but apart from these exceptions the rule is that Catholic principles have no more concern with the solution of social than of mathematical problems.

According to this view Catholicism offers no positive social doctrine. The Faith performs a sort of negative office in warning us against what is actually immoral and poisonous; it does not warn us against what is merely useless nor does it positively indicate what is wholesome and life-giving, though it acts as a salt, a preservative without which the best secular remedies lose their efficacy. This being the case, Catholics need not try to think out a social policy based upon and suggested by their own religious principles. We might just as well take over the programme of some other school, or better still, make a judicious selection of items from the programmes of various other schools. We could then work very heartily alongside our non-Catholic friends. Our task

would thus be simplified and our responsibilities lightened.

This view of the relation of Catholicism to social reform is certainly a plausible one, and at first sight difficult to refute. Nevertheless, I believe it to be entirely erroneous; I believe the true view to be that Catholicism does supply us with a body of definite, positive social principles, that these principles are distinctively if not exclusively Catholic, and that they suggest to us the broad lines of a constructive social policy.

It will be admitted that the idea of "social reform" suggests that there is some pattern according to which existing society should be altered. A man who desires to re-form society must have some ideal conception of what society ought to be. Obviously this pattern, this ideal which any particular reformer believes in, will have a determining influence on the detailed measures of reform that he will propose and support. A Bentham or a Herbert Spencer believing that the ideal society was one in which the individual was allowed to think, speak and act entirely as he pleased, would accordingly adopt *Laissez faire* as their policy and their individualistic ideals would determine their attitude to the mass of miscellaneous public questions, to the questions of the establishment of the Church, the legalization of trade unions, the censorship of the press and the payment of maternity benefit to husband or wife. Similarly Mr. Sidney Webb's collectivist ideals, inclining him to extend the supervision and control of the State over all the activities of the individual's life, gives him a definite point of view; he has a philosophy that inspires and guides his practical policy.

The influence of theory on practice, the necessity of a conception of a social pattern to all intelligent schemes of social reform needs no further illustration. Has the Catholic Church any pattern, any social ideal, any theory of society as it ought to be? If the answer is Yes, and if the Catholic ideal is at all distinguishable from non-Catholic ideals, then it may be presumed that the difference in ideals will produce a difference in policies. All social theories and social policies are concerned with human relations, relations between persons and persons (individual and corporate) and between persons and external things or wealth. In general terms we may say that the factors in every social question are two or more of these four: the Individual, the Family, the State and Wealth. In a Catholic view of society there is a fifth factor, the

Church, which exists for objects of greater importance than any of the others and therefore possesses rights that can never be subordinated to secular aims. This view of the Church as co-ordinate with and not subordinate to the State is itself sufficient to give Catholics a distinctive position. But it is not only when the Church as an institution is directly affected that Catholic teaching has a social bearing. Consider the four factors already enumerated which even non-Catholic sociologists must take into account: the Individual, the Family, the State and Wealth. If the Catholic Church has anything to teach on these four subjects no social question can be unrelated to Catholic teaching. On the adequacy of certain means to attain certain ends the Church may not have anything to say: but she will always have something to say about *ends*; and I repeat that social reform implies some deliberate end preconceived as good in the mind of the reformer.

It would be a useful exercise to illustrate this principle by applying it in turn to each of the specific reforms enumerated in Father Wright's programme mentioned above. Considerations of space, however, limit me to one example. Take the question of Poor Law reform. The "end" of the Poor Law is the State maintenance of individuals unable to maintain themselves. According to Catholic doctrine this is a good end. We have all a duty to help the needy and in present circumstances that duty is to a certain extent best performed through the machinery of the State. Catholics will be agreed as to the present desirability of State provision against destitution. But the State may choose between a variety of methods of discharging this function; and Catholic doctrine does not decide upon their comparative efficiency. Therefore there will be no particular method to which Catholics are committed; and we will find Catholics differing like other people as to whether the administrative area for Poor Law purposes should be the Union or the County, whether the administrative Authority should be elected or nominated, whether it should be *ad hoc* or whether it should follow the municipal principle. These are purely questions of means and no unanimity can be expected.

But on the question of means Catholicism is not wholly indifferent. The morality of the means must always be pronounced upon. The elimination of hereditary disease (if there be such a thing) may be an excellent end; but it must

not be attained by the "sterilization of the unfit." When the Church animadverts upon means, it is not precisely in their character as means, not upon their efficacy to produce the results for which they are designed, but upon their goodness or badness in themselves objectively. For example the Church is not concerned with the question whether the sterilization of the present feeble-minded would or would not reduce the proportion of feeble-minded persons in the next generation. The Church pronounces upon sterilization because it is itself a definite action, and an evil one, though conceivably as a means to a further end, not evil, it may be perfectly efficacious. One may explain the Church's function as to the judgment of ends and means by saying that there is no Catholic art of social reform, but there is a Catholic science and philosophy. The Church does not tell us the how, but she tells us the what and the why.

I have shown that the principles of the Catholic do bear upon social life in its most fundamental institutions and relations; and therefore our Catholicity must vitally influence our social policy. The question that now remains is whether the same social principles that Catholics hold as part of their faith are not held by also non-Catholics so generally that for present practical purposes they can hardly be considered as distinctively Catholic principles and therefore we cannot expect to find a distinctive Catholic policy. There is no great antecedent improbability that Catholic principles in these matters should coincide with Wesleyan or Anglican or Unitarian or even Agnostic principles. For Catholic social principles are to a very great extent deductions from the Natural Law, rather than the Revealed Law and so need not be exclusive, though they are always essential to Catholicism.

Yet it is idle to ask merely how far non-Catholics might share our principles; the point is how far they do share them. The mass of non-Catholics have apparently no hold on any intellectual principles whatever; they are moved only by appeals to their interests, to their prejudices and their sentiments. But there are influential sections more definite in their beliefs, who aim at various goals and work strenuously towards them. It is these active minorities who count in the making of history, and it is their principles to which Catholics must give attention. Think of any of the more virile of present-day movements, the Feminist movement, the Peace movement, the Temperance movement, the Land reform

movement, the Labour movement. These are not the most extreme movements that might be instanced; they are among the most respectable; and in their dissatisfaction with the *status quo* they will have the sympathy of most Catholics. Yet not one of these movements is free from irreligious and un-Catholic elements, not merely latent but active. In not one of these movements is the distinctively Catholic position a matter of merely academic interest; it always is or should be of constant, practical influence.

Perhaps we will better appreciate the uniqueness of the Catholic position in considering the wider problems raised by Socialism. Socialism as a general principle favours the transfer of productive property from the ownership and control of individuals to the ownership and control of the State. Here we have an example of a principle and a policy to which Catholicism must be either friendly or hostile or indifferent. I am not in this article going to say what is the Catholic verdict. All I affirm is that if Catholicism has any social principles at all, they must be applicable to the problems which Socialism raises. We have first got to determine whether we accept the Socialist ideal; and then we have to decide whether we can accept the Socialist policy. It is not sufficient to consider singly the immediate proposals made by Socialists on their individual merits. Assuming that we accept the Socialist ideal, well and good; we can then probably adopt the full Socialist programme. Assuming that we consider the Socialists' goal to lie in the right direction but that it is too extreme, that they go further than we would, then again it will probably be safe to support them, at least in their present demands. But assuming that our Catholic ideal is the opposite of the Socialist, then it is probable that our best policy would take us in a direction contrary to that of the Socialist, not merely to a less extreme point on the same road. In that case we should resist immediate Socialist proposals, for though they might be an improvement on the present conditions they would be taking us further away from the goal indicated by our own principles. Whatever be our principles and their implications it is certainly incumbent upon us to think them out.

The need for clear Catholic thinking is illustrated also by the alleged drift of current legislation towards the Servile State. By the Servile State I mean what Mr. Belloc defines as: "That arrangement of society in which so con-

siderable a number of the families and individuals are constrained by positive law to labour for the advantage of other families and individuals as to stamp the whole community with the mark of that labour." To make this state of society appear less remote and improbable I will take as synonymous for it the general establishment of compulsory arbitration. That is to say, the State will always act as Umpire in trade disputes and the wages and conditions of labour fixed by the State will be binding upon both employers and employed. This would be a system of legally compulsory labour upon a certain class; and this is what Mr. Belloc calls the *Servile State*. Two questions arise; first: is it true that recent and projected legislation is tending to establish this system of compulsory labour? secondly: is this system compatible with Catholic principles? I express no opinion as to what is the true answer; I merely point out that here is an important question demanding an answer; and that the answer cannot be given without some careful thinking in the light of our Catholic principles.

As a conclusion, I would submit that Catholicism has social principles of its own; and that as principles cannot be without application to practice there must be a Catholic social policy. Although these principles are not all necessarily peculiar to Catholicism, they are not in fact so generally accepted among non-Catholics as to make our position cease to be distinctive. Many of the social principles and proposals current in our time are plainly inconsistent with Catholic teaching; there are others which are doubtful and to which we need to define our attitude. My answer to the question with which I began this article would be: Yes, there are Catholic social principles and a Catholic social policy which are not merely distinctive but unique; and their uniqueness is in their positive character, not merely in their vetoes.

It may be asked, why then are the Catholics of England so divergent in their social policies? There are several reasons for this. In the first place, the differences often refer merely to means of attaining commonly-accepted ends. In other cases, confusion is due to the fact that we are dealing with a situation that has been produced by the deliberate setting-aside of Catholic principles and that the characteristically Catholic remedy, though intrinsically the simplest and best, is not applicable because the people on whose co-opera-

tion we must depend would not respond to appeals based upon Catholic assumptions. An example of this is presented by the Poor-Law problem. The present situation could not have arisen in a Catholic society. As things are, we are faced with the evil and various remedies seem possible. Catholics differ in their estimates of the value of these remedies. Some support the Majority report, some prefer the Minority proposals, others prefer a reformed Guardians system. But I venture to say that we would think of none of these schemes if England became Catholic. A line of treatment impossible now would appear quite natural then.

Unfortunately however, the explanations given do not wholly account for the lack of unity on social questions among the Catholics of England. The main reason is our ignorance and carelessness. We scarcely know our own principles, we are hardly capable of expressing them in terms of modern life; we are certainly incapable of working out their application to the complex conditions of the present industrial system; and we never shall be capable of this task unless we are equipped with a full knowledge, not only of moral philosophy, but also of economic science. The Catholics of England are more backward in Economics than in any other department of knowledge. In classics, history, literature, philosophy and physical science we can show eminent names but we have no political economist to succeed the late Mr. C. S. Devas. Worse than the absence of first-rate authorities is the general low level of knowledge amongst us. We are now improving in this respect with great rapidity but there is still considerable leeway to be made up. For a long time we have been acting as if we took for granted that our Catholic principles had nothing to do with the solution of particular social problems. The truth is that if Catholics as a body fully understood their principles and were in earnest about applying them they could move mountains. It would not be necessary for ordinary Catholics to follow the counsels of perfection; it would be sufficient for them to apply the precepts of justice and charity. It may not be possible to banish all sin and suffering from the world; but with knowledge and good-will on the part of Catholics it would be practicable to get rid of social, as distinct from individual injustice.

In Belgium and in Germany a Catholic social policy has been formulated in a programme and partly put into effect.

It was not the Liberals, nor the Socialists nor Bismarck who started the movement of German social legislation; that movement had its origin in Bishop Ketteler. In 1873, Ketteler published his famous pamphlet: *The Catholics in the German Empire. Draft of a Political Programme*, which contained specific proposals with regard to taxation, factory legislation, and the organization of Labour. The proposals in that programme were inspired and indicated by Catholic principles as to the responsibilities of property, the duty of the State to protect the weak, and the right of voluntary association. The programme was not compatible with Liberal or with Socialist principles as then held, for the Liberals were still devoted to their *Laissez faire* dogmas and the Socialists held the view that attempts to apply immediate remedies for working class ills were mischievous as tending to interfere with the natural evolution of Capitalism towards Socialism. A large part of Ketteler's programme is now accepted by both Liberals and Socialists; but that is because they have abandoned their former position.

The first Bill ever submitted to the Reichstag proposing factory legislation was based on Ketteler's programme and was introduced by a nephew of Ketteler, Count von Galen. In the debate on the Bill one of the Liberal members said he could not see what "the Christian social order of the world had to do with factory legislation." Some of our contemporary Catholics suffer from a similar disability.

In England we have at present only the embryonic beginnings of a Catholic social policy—but there are the beginnings. The Catholic Social Guild is laying the foundation of a policy by popularizing a knowledge of the basic principles. The publications of the Guild set forth Catholic doctrine on such questions as Wages, Property, Eugenics and Women's Rights. Practical problems of Poor Law relief, Housing and Sweating are investigated and remedies suggested. Various methods of social service open to Catholics in different stations of life are indicated. Catholic text books for the scientific study of Economics are published. The more important Papal pronouncements on Social questions are printed and circulated as penny pamphlets, as are also contributions from high ecclesiastical authorities such as Cardinal Mercier and Bishop Keating. To read the literature published by the C.S.G. is to realize vividly the difference between Catholic and non-Catholic reformers. It

is as the Bishop of Northampton writes in *The Church and Social Reformers*: (C.S.G. id.).

Be he a working man, or an employer, or a landowner, or a philanthropist—a journalist, a lecturer, or a philosophic observer—no Catholic ought to enrol himself under any other banner than that of the Church. It is not that the Catholic solution is as good as any or even the best of all. The Catholic solution holds the field. For us, at least, there is no other.

A statement of the points of difference and of conflict between Catholic and non-Catholic reformers would require an article to itself; they are the differences between the Supernaturalist and the Naturalist; they may be traced fundamentally to the fact that the Catholic aims to fit men for heaven and not merely for earth. Hence the *raison d'être* of the Catholic Social Guild is, in the words of Bishop Keating, "a persuasion that the social problem cannot be solved nor social remedies applied, except by aid of Catholic principles; and that individual Catholics may drift into the gravest peril by going with the stream of non-Catholic thought."

HENRY SOMERVILLE.

"A Waverer."

"I ALWAYS loved our Lady," Miss Travers said, reflectively, "long before I was a Catholic. My father was a clergyman, and he belonged to the school that used to be called 'high and dry,' so I certainly didn't learn it from him, though I don't remember exactly what was the attitude that particular party took up with regard to her. I think they did not commit themselves to anything definite. They were forced to acknowledge her existence because she was mentioned in the New Testament, but beyond that I think they ignored her. It is curious how little, comparatively, of that old indifference to her is left. The frankly agnostic and pagan world finds her poetically and romantically interesting, chiefly on account of her motherhood; a great many of the non-conformist, and what I may call the quasi-religious, bodies hold her in high esteem as a model of pure womanhood; and you don't need me to tell you that a certain section of the Church of England pays her the honour due to her as the Mother of God—keeps her feasts and uses the Rosary."

"I know," I said. "But I never could, though I tried. I think it was because of a governess I had when I was just growing up. She was a French Protestant, engaged to teach me the purest French without any contamination of Popery. I liked her enormously. She was very kind to me, and I was just at the age to take a violent fancy to a woman a little older than myself. She was very clever and very glib, and I admired and thought perfect everything she did and said. She was fond of talking about religion, and I knew quite well that if my people had had any idea of the kind of thing she said they would have been horrified, and I loved feeling that there was this secret between us, which must on no account be revealed to the old-fashioned elders. She was always saying that Christ was a wonderful man—quite the most remarkable of all the founders of the world-religions—ininitely superior to either Mahomet or Buddha, on account of His psychic

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powers. That He no doubt owed them to His Mother who had impressed herself on the world's history as only a strong personality could do; and that, in fact, all great men had had remarkable mothers. The first time she said it I had been shocked, and tried to insist that Christ was, of course, God; but she only laughed softly, and said that when I grew older and had read and thought more I should see that all good men were off-shoots of the Divinity, which was what Christ meant when He said He was the Son of God. The cult that had grown up around Him was only the natural growth of myth and fable which invariably followed any great teacher. I left off saying my prayers after that; there did not seem anyone to say them to, and I found out she said none. Prayer, she explained to me, was but the out-pouring of the soul in the presence of the great Unknown, or the uplifting of the heart to Beauty in Nature and Humanity; it required neither set time nor place; indeed, both of these were fatal to its essence. All this teaching stuck to me, you know, even after she had mysteriously and suddenly disappeared from my world, whether because her religious opinions were discovered by my parents, or for some other reason, I never knew; and after I had grown up and become "High," I used often to feel a cold breath of doubt when the things she taught me came back to my mind."

"And is it that 'cold breath of doubt' which has made you give up your religion altogether, as you told me you have done?" Miss Travers asked.

"Not altogether," I said, "though it had something to do with it, I daresay. The fact is, I had a very bad fit of it once when I was out of reach of a church which was high enough for me, and I wrote to Father Young, who had been my confessor, what seemed to me a very pathetic letter telling him all my difficulties, and he wrote me a curt and imperative order to say my prayers and not bother my head with imaginary difficulties. They were anything but imaginary to me, and his letter made me so angry that I then and there renounced him and all his works. Which I suppose shows chiefly that religion had no great hold upon me. It is only lately that I have begun to take any interest in it again. I think I am feeling rather lonely. I suppose I am growing old! I don't exactly know what I want, but you see I was in Rome all last winter, and I spent a good deal of my time in St. Peter's; it is such a fascinating place, don't you think?"

"It is like no other place on earth," she answered warmly. "If St. Peter has got you," she added smiling, "you need not hope to get away. He will see to the pasturing of the stray sheep himself."

"I don't know that I want to get away exactly. I should like to be a Catholic, if I only could. If there is any God Who hears or cares, then the Catholic Church is His. That's as far as I have got. When I went to St. Peter's I used to sit and say, 'Oh, God, if there is any God, show me the truth, if there is any truth.' Not much of a prayer, was it?"

"On the contrary," she said, "it was an excellent prayer, and I think part of the answer must have come already, for you don't doubt the existence of God now, do you?"

"No," I said, slowly, "I can't. I've thought about it a lot, and it seems to me too wonderful to be anything but the work of God that the Catholic Church should have grown up from a handful of rough fishermen to dominate the whole civilized world. Especially if you think of the condition of the world at the time it began. Supposing a dozen poor Hindus were to come over to London and start preaching a religion, the principal tenets of which were humility and love, and supposing they had any sort of success it wouldn't be a tenth part so wonderful, for English people in the present day seem to be always on the look-out for a new religion,—though I can't imagine their liking one with humility in it!—whereas the Romans took it as an insult to their common sense that they could be supposed wrong on such an important matter, and they made the Christians pay for the supposition. It is really all too wonderful to be anything but the work of God."

"Well, we've got so far," Miss Travers said, cheerfully. "It's not bad for a beginning. . . ."

"Ah, but," I said, "it does not follow to my mind that because God is God, and Christ one of His great teachers that therefore Christianity is what you might call a *permanent* religion. For 'God reveals Himself in many ways,' you know, and it does nowadays seem as if Christianity were played out. What effect has it on the world to-day? Look at the unrest. . . . Are we not perhaps waiting for a new revelation? Of course Christianity has done wonderful things; no one can read history and deny it. . . ."

"No one," she interrupted, "can go to a pagan land and deny it. I think you told me you had never been in India or Africa, or any such part? I have. And you only need quite

a small experience beyond the radius of first-class hotels to give you some sort of idea of what the psalmist meant when he wrote about 'the terror that lurketh at noonday,' or the 'noonday devil,' as one of our translations has it. He was pre-Christian himself, you see, and he knew all about that subtle suggestion of something horrible, something brutally terrible, impure and unclean, which there clings, even in the most glaring daylight, to inanimate nature. I have felt it so strongly that it has made me physically ill. I have never been able to agree with the Protestant hymn-writer that in those lands 'only man is vile.' Nature herself is terrible in a way which one can only understand by experiencing it. As to what you say about Christianity in the present day being played out, it would be easier to agree to the proposition if Christianity were given a fair chance in the world of to-day, and then failed to take advantage of it! As far as my experience goes it is the last remedy people will try for existing evils, and the first thing to be blamed for their being there. The unrest . . . the Social Problem (which includes everything from strikes and sweating and the White Slave traffic down to feminine anarchy) would end to-morrow if the civilized world started doing to others as it would wish to be done by. Instead of which it spends its time and energy searching for cures to rub on the surface, because, forsooth, the only real, and untried one has failed! The old life-boat simile comes to mind naturally. It probably does look an absurd little cockle-shell beside the huge liner in distress, but if passengers refuse to make use of it they must take the risk. It is hardly the fault of the life-boat if they are drowned, as I think you will admit."

"No, of course I see that," I answered. "But when you say Christianity you naturally mean Catholic Christianity—its fullest development. And in the countries where the Church has had her widest opportunities she has lost her hold to-day as never before in history. How could you explain that?"

"It's a fair question," she said smiling. "And the answer as I see it is, 'an enemy hath done this'—*the* Enemy, you understand. Take the Church as the Fold, and think of the Wolves ceaselessly prowling around her walls searching for weak places in them, which, alas! they never fail to find, since the guardianship of the walls is committed to human hands. One place insufficiently guarded, or perhaps treach-

erously surrendered, is enough to let loose within a horde of enemies who will raven and destroy, and raise a clamour and dust which will effectually hide from men's senses the quiet, hidden, steady life and growth which persist in the places most affected. You see and hear the din of the fight; we know and feel the hidden life and revivification constantly at work within. Mind, I am not denying the Church's very real losses, which, if she were a human institution, would be enough to give us pause, and make us question her position; but she is Divine as well as human, and our Lord Himself was hated and persecuted by His enemies, and He was put to death and buried; and His Church has never expected better treatment than her Master. It will be time enough to say that she has failed when she gives no sign of life; and that time is not yet. You must remember, too, that the Church is not of yesterday—that she has lost before large sections of her people, as it might seem irrevocably, as, for instance, when North Africa was overrun by the Arian heresy, but after that she succeeded in civilizing Europe; and so she goes steadily onward on her great mission, and will do to the end of time."

"You are so *sure*," I said. "You are all alike in that. Now, I could never get beyond the probabilities being all in favour of the Church's truth. . . ."

"How do you know how far you could get?" she asked, smiling. "We were not born sure any more than you are; no one is. Even born Catholics, if they think at all, must go over the evidence for themselves."

"I've got a cousin who became a Catholic about two years ago," I said, "and she annoys me very much. We used to be good pals at one time, but now she thinks about nothing on earth but being a nun; nothing else will satisfy her. She's having an awful time over it, too, for her mother's dead against being left all alone in the world now that she's growing old; and you must admit she has right on her side."

"I don't know the details of this particular case," Miss Travers said, "but do you think your aunt would be equally set against her daughter's making a good marriage, and going, say, to New Zealand or India with her husband?"

I was obliged to laugh. "Well, no," I said, "that's exactly what she wanted her to do, only it was to South Africa, and the man was very well off. That's a natural thing, you see, and the other. . . ."

"Is supernatural," she put in. "Yes, I quite see that. But it doesn't to my mind detract from its efficacy as a means of salvation."

"You don't mean you think she can't be saved unless she's a nun?" I cried.

It was her turn to laugh. "I said *a* means," she said. "It is entirely a matter of vocation. People make fuss enough nowadays about putting their children to the work they are best fitted for, in order that they may not only be prosperous but happy in it; and yet when God calls a soul to Himself so strongly that it is wretched anywhere else they raise endless objections on the score of that soul's (probable) unhappiness if it is allowed to obey the call. And it isn't only Protestants (whose ignorance of supernaturalism might, and most likely does, excuse them) but many Catholics are nearly as bad, at all events in Protestant countries. I expect it is the result largely of their surroundings, and that excuses may be made for them, too, if they don't carry their reluctance too far. You see the Church in these northern lands has been so long in the desert of persecution and desolation that she hardly even yet seems to have entered into her full life. That is why it is so pleasant, almost so necessary for those who can, to get abroad sometimes into a really Catholic atmosphere, where supernaturalism is taken for granted, and not scrutinized suspiciously lest it should turn out to be superstition in disguise. Oh, heresy is a very insidious and penetrating poison, and it is small wonder if converts in their righteous horror of it are a bit inclined to be rigid, and what people call bigoted."

"That's just what I think most converts are. I can say it to you, because you're not, or I wouldn't be talking to you. But the others I've known all seemed to think that if I didn't agree with them and own their position to be impregnable straightaway I must be in bad faith—I think that's what they call it. Going on like that only makes me say all kinds of things I don't really mean. For instance, that cousin I mentioned just now was simply shocked to death when I said I couldn't understand how anyone could pray to the Blessed Virgin; that there's nothing about it in the Bible. There isn't, you know."

"I don't know there isn't," she returned, smiling, "in fact, I know there is. If not in so many words, then certainly by implication. In the first place think of what she is—what

the Angel of the Annunciation called her—"full of grace." Gabriel, we must presume, used our Lady's own language in speaking to her, but the Evangelist, who had the story from herself, employed in translating the angel's salutation the Greek perfect participle, implying the complete possession of the quality indicated. And in passing you may notice that the Protestant translation has it 'highly favoured'—the thin end of the wedge at once—for if you think she is not the *most* highly favoured, in time you may come to question the Divinity of her Son. That by the way. Then think of what our Lord promised in return for a cup of cold water given in His Name and for His Sake, and ask yourself what Mary gave Him, and what He must feel He owes to her, if He means to pay back a mere cup of cold water. Oh, yes, I know He doesn't really owe any creature anything; but since He chooses in His magnificent generosity to put it that way, the least we can do is to take Him at His word. And then remember the 'Woman, behold thy son,' when He gave us to her as her children in His place. Do you suppose that He, Who knew so well what a mother she was, meant to leave her unable to do anything for her children? Wouldn't it have been torture for her? It is unthinkable. Then you know the story of the wedding-feast at Cana, when He attended to her mere suggestion at once, although He said Himself He had not intended to work a miracle then. . . ."

"I never thought of all that," I said. "I wonder why my Anglican confessor didn't say these things to me when he was so put out because I wouldn't say the rosary?"

"Perhaps he didn't think of them himself," Miss Travers returned. "I'm only repeating to you what I've heard or read of the Church's teaching. One doesn't expect grapes from thorns, and you must know that the Anglican Church is heretical and has no mandate to teach."

"But," said I, "when it teaches Catholic doctrine. . . .?"

"With a difference," she smiled. "I don't say, mind, but that some sincere souls in her communion may not grasp Catholic truth as it is, but in a great many cases—probably the majority—they take the forms, and the spirit seems to evaporate. All corporate bodies bear a curious resemblance to the human body, and if a body is without a head direction is likely to be wanting!"

I laughed. "Without a head I should say that life of any kind must be wanting."

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"Yes," she said, "but the cells in a body live on each a separate existence, even after death; it is only corruption that finally destroys them. But I want you to think very seriously over this question of our Lady's position, because some converts lose so much by minimizing it (quite unconsciously, no doubt) from the first.

"You are making very sure of my being a convert," I said, laughing. "But you forget I haven't even spoken to a priest yet. I'm afraid none would think me worth troubling about, when all I can say is, I believe that there is a God and that the Catholic Church is His!"

"I should advise you to try," she said, smiling encouragement. "They're wonderful people, those priests—they can see farther through a brick wall than most folk! They know pretty well all there is to know about human nature, apart from any special grace of their Orders. Go and see Father Brown—I will give you his address—and in the meantime you might go on saying your own particular little prayer. . . ."

"It is funny," I remarked, "how natural it comes to cry out to God, when one is in any difficulty. When you think about it in cold blood, so to speak, it does occur to one that God is too great to trouble Himself as to whether one more foolish woman finds her way into the Church, or not. I don't mean any irreverence, you know."

"I understand quite all right," said Miss Travers. "But you are making the usual mistake about God's kind of greatness, I think. It seems to me that when we talk about a great man we mean he is high above our heads—taller than we are—looking down on us. But that God's greatness includes width and depth, as well as height, so that it embraces all things, even the smallest—it is like a vast net which nothing can escape. He doesn't really need our prayers in the least, you know, but He has chosen that we shall make them in order to feel our dependence upon Him. And you musn't forget that He called Himself Father, before we ever dared to do it; and that it does matter very much to a Father whether one of His children finds her way home or not."

"You are the most comforting person I ever came across," I said. "But I musn't bore you to death, even so. I will go now. By-the-way, what did you say that priest's address was?"

I did not see Miss Travers for nearly six months after

that. I felt she was altogether too dangerous. If I took the great step, I wanted to do it because I was sure of myself, not because somebody else used her personal magnetism to induce me to take it. That was how I explained to myself the sensations I had had when she talked to me.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," I had said to myself, as I left her. "No, my dear lady, no one shall persuade me. I will do it off my own bat, or not at all."

And now I had news for her.

"I've been busy, I was received into the Church yesterday," I said abruptly, when she had done reproaching me for my neglect of her.

She sat down under the shock. "My dear!" she said. "Why didn't you tell me you were going. . . ?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "I wanted to keep it dark. You see I might have backed out at the last moment. I nearly did before. I should have if it hadn't been for Father Brown. . . ."

"Very likely," she rejoined, drily. "But how do you mean exactly?"

"Well, you see I had been going to him for him to explain things to me, for some time; and one day last week he said that he had now told me all that was necessary, and that if I would take his advice I would come on Monday, and he would hear my confession and receive me. It took me by surprise—it really did—and I said, Oh, I hadn't thought about going so far as that; I must have more time. And he said quite calmly, Very well, then, there was no more he could do, so he would say, Good-bye; and he held out his hand. I got as far as the door which he was holding open for me, and then I suddenly saw—how I don't know—but I *saw* that if I went out of that room like that there was no more hope for me in this world or the next. It was the queerest feeling. . . . I'm not exaggerating it," I assured her.

"I quite believe you," she said. "What next?"

"I stood and looked at him for what seemed like a long time—it was a minute perhaps—and he looked at me, and then I said, Oh, well . . . I'll come, . . . in what, I fear, was a very ungracious way. And he said, Thank God! And I went. Yesterday was Monday. . . ."

"And the Feast of the Immaculate Conception," Miss Travers said, and there were tears in her eyes. "I knew our Lady would see to it!"

EDITH GILBERTSON.

"Lilies and Cathedrals."

WE had been reading in some graceful pages by Mary Robinson—who knows her France as few Englishwomen know it—of the lilies of the valley in the forest of Compiègne, and we—my cousin and I—felt impelled to see them for ourselves. Who could remain indifferent to a vision of forest glades in May time, carpeted thick and close in palest green and white, the air fragrant with sweet perfume? True, bunches of the lilies, tight green bunches of limp little blossoms, gathered by the peasant women and their children at early dawn may be bought by the traveller for a few sous at any railway station in the district, or even in the Paris flower market, beneath the shadow of the Madeleine, but, like children, we felt we must gather them for ourselves. The determination resulted in a spring holiday so novel and so rich in charming memories that it were churlish not to offer to others suggestions for a tour of a similar character.

Lilies, it is true, were not our only objective. Northern France is extraordinarily rich in Gothic cathedrals, so like and yet so unlike our own, and the soaring columns of Beauvais and Amiens drew us no less than the leafy avenues of Compiègne. Crossing to Boulogne, Abbeville, Amiens and Beauvais may all be visited *en route*; a week or two may be spent at Compiègne, with excursions to Noyon, Soissons and Senlis, alternating with drives in the forest, after which the architectural enthusiast, with appetite still keen, will desire to wend his way homewards by Laon and Rheims. It were difficult, even in Italy, to find so many glorious churches within so narrow a circuit of exquisite landscape. One passes from the interlacing heights of the forest trees to the pillared loftiness of nave and choir, and the two weave themselves into a captivating harmony of light and space and colour. The blue of the hyacinths beneath the oak-trees is not more blue than the windows of Chartres, and the sunshine, as it floods the ambulatory of Amiens at early Mass,

through the windows of the Lady-chapel, is as penetrating in its loveliness as in any forest glade.

For unalloyed enjoyment the tour should be made in a motor, but even by train, for which the accommodating Cook will supply you beforehand with "kilometric" tickets, it can be carried through with but little discomfort. Second-class carriages in France have improved immeasurably of recent years, and as apparently no French people travel in the spring time, we could usually secure a carriage to ourselves. The seasoned traveller will be content to wander from town to town in the wake of the *commis-voyageurs*, knowing that, if the accommodation is somewhat primitive, the cuisine of any establishment patronized by these epicurean gentlemen is certain to be excellent—the most savoury of *ragoûts*, the smoothest of *purées*. Nevertheless for those who find life intolerable without a morning bath and cup of tea—luxuries for which the French *commis-voyageur* has no use—it would be wise to concentrate as far as possible on Compiègne, where the well-known Hotel de la Cloche may be relied on for all creature comforts.

It was at Abbeville that we first came upon the haunt of the commercial traveller: a busy little hotel, dedicated to the Lion d'Or, entered by an archway, where we were allowed to have our early *déjeuner* out in the courtyard in the gay spring sunshine, with a pleasing view of all that was going on: the fresh butter arriving from the market in golden rolls, wrapped in cabbage leaves; Monsieur speeding the parting guest in the rumbling yellow omnibus; the *chef* and the *garçon* gesticulating in a brief wrangle, and the anxious *commis-voyageur* unpacking and re-packing his hats on the courtyard pavement, thereby giving us unsolicited a private view of fashionable provincial millinery. Abbeville is a dear little town, clean, picturesque and demurely prosperous, well worth a leisurely inspection. It has the remains of an old town hall with the most exquisite twelfth century Gothic doorway, surmounted by stone carving. It has the little church of St. Giles, with flamboyant façade of delightful proportions. It has prim little winding streets of white-washed houses with high-pitched roofs half Flemish in their sober charm, and here and there bridges over the Somme and its canals with vistas of houses rising out of the still, silent water almost as at Bruges. It has a weekly market with stalls piled high with fabulous cauliflowers, and peasant women standing in

long rows holding in their arms the fat hens they have brought to sell, or extending a pair of unhappy live pigeons by the wings. It is only fair to add that the birds seem quite reconciled to this treatment, while the rabbits lie contentedly, on a little grass at their owner's feet, without attempting to make their escape. Round the town runs a wide boulevard, planted with cut lime-trees, where the citizen takes the air on Sunday with his wife and children. There is, too, the inevitable municipal *musée*, filled with *crustacés* and stuffed birds in rooms, the windows of which are kept hermetically sealed. Fortunately the civic fathers of Abbeville have had the happy thought of setting their museum in the midst of a gay sunny garden, where an acre or so of land has been skillfully endowed with the spaciousness of a small park, and swans and lambs and a white goat give a pleasingly pastoral air to city surroundings. So the wise thing is to remain outside.

Needless to say, the hurried tourist sees none of these things. If he comes to Abbeville at all it is to make a cursory inspection of the wonderful church of St. Vulfran. In truth one should end and not begin with Abbeville, for St. Vulfran is the last of the great French churches of the sixteenth century, never completed, yet worthy, both in size and dignity, to rank with the cathedrals. It is the ultimate expression of flamboyant Gothic, the nave of vast height, the flying buttresses much decorated, the sumptuous façade, with its three beautiful Renaissance doors, a wealth of undulating curves and carved ornament, yet simple and strong in its main outlines. Money having run short when the nave only was erected, the church was left with one great wall of the north transept jutting out like a rampart, terminating in a slender round turret, and pierced by a great open archway, that should have been a window. The effect is of some mighty ruin. Immediately behind, added at a later date, stretches the long low chancel, attractive in the sober simplicity that lack of funds compelled. Within, the church is full of charming effects. The sense of height is intensified by the mouldings of the bays springing from base to vault unbroken by any capitals, while the bold curved tracery of the clerestory windows has a fine decorative effect. Though St. Vulfran cannot be compared in beauty to Beauvais, it shares with it some of the poetry and melancholy that cling round a great unfinished building, and often confer

upon it a charm in which the accurately completed edifice may be comparatively deficient.

Possibly this is the defect of Amiens. Somehow, with all its beauty of line and all its noble spaciousness, Amiens Cathedral is a little chill and lifeless. It seems ungrateful to write it in view of the many unquestioned beauties it contains—its soaring height, its wealth of carved stone—and almost untrue when one recalls the vivifying effect of the sunshine at early morn. Yet undoubtedly it is lacking in some supreme gift. It has been suggested as an explanation that it has every quality save that of genius, and it is genius that makes the irresistible appeal to the imagination. Another and more prosaic explanation is that it has been very much restored. Where critics are all agreed is that Amiens is the most typical of French Gothic cathedrals, the nearest in existence to that ideal Gothic fane with its seven spires all complete, designed by Viollet-le-Duc. It belongs to that amazing epoch in church building which lasted some sixty years only (1180-1240) and changed the face of Northern France. Everyone is familiar with the legends of the building of Chartres, so vividly related by Huysmans in *La Cathédrale*: the processions of carts with building material drawn by men amid prayer and chanting, the army of voluntary workers, rich and poor, united in the bonds of divine love. Some touch of the same spirit must have pervaded the royal domain of the Ile-de-France throughout the long and glorious reign of Philip Augustus. The vigorous young townships, just springing into freedom and affluence, vied with one another in church building, as the expression at once of their religious faith and their civic patriotism. During these sixty years no less than twenty-four great cathedrals were constructed, in whole or in part, in and around the Ile-de-France. These included Paris, Chartres, Bourges, Amiens, Rheims, Rouen. Such an achievement in church building in so few years is surely unique, years too, for the most part, of war and crusades and royal aggrandisement culminating in the great battle of Bouvines, when the allied enemies of France were swept from the kingdom. The Communes had rallied nobly to the defence of King and country, to that ideal of a centralized kingly power that was taking hold of the popular imagination, and it is interesting to note how church building on a magnificent scale was one of the earliest fruits of this new sense of citizenship.

Here we come to the explanation of the fundamental difference in the position of English and French cathedrals that must strike every tourist. All these French cathedrals stand in the centre of the town, surrounded by narrow streets, the houses creeping up to their very walls, often to the obstruction of any satisfactory near view of the building. At home, on the contrary, as we all know, the cathedral suggests a certain dignified aloofness from the city; it is a stately shrine set amid the smooth lawns and immemorial elms of the Close, with a cloister and a chapter-house as beautiful accessories—features that in France are wholly absent. The explanation is simple enough. Our English cathedrals are nearly all of monastic origin, and even where they are not, as at Salisbury, they follow the monastic model. The French cathedrals, as we have seen, were the offering of the townspeople and the seat of secular bishoprics, and were usually the creation of lay architects. As Mr. West points out in his fascinating volume, *Gothic Architecture in England and France* (G. Bell), French Gothic may be traced back to two sources: to the earlier Benedictine model of which Cluny furnished the original type, and to which cathedrals up to the middle of the twelfth century conformed, and to the Bishops' cathedrals of the towns from the middle of the twelfth century onwards. In the latter we find that the narthex—a convenience for pilgrims from afar—is dropped, the nave becomes far wider, usually with five aisles, and various conventual features are omitted. In a word, the cruciform shape of earlier years, with the long narrow nave and wide transepts, tends to disappear before the need of providing a vast covered space for the accommodation of the townsfolk. The divergences between the two types of building, if followed out in detail, provide a line of study of endless fascination.

It is, naturally enough, between the cathedral and the river—and not between the cathedral and the railway station—that the oldest and most picturesque quarter of a town may be assumed to lie. Amiens is no exception to the rule, and no view of the cathedral is more stately and impressive than as it may be seen from far below on the north side, as one stands in the busy market place on the banks of the Somme, which here has been broken up into a net-work of narrow channels, along which the flat boats bring the farm and garden produce. The foreground is filled by the old town,

a picturesque group of quaint little gabled houses, with high-pitched red roofs, and above rises the stupendous mass of the cathedral, its long roof in an unbroken line against the sky, the flying buttresses standing out in bold relief, the slender *flèche* soaring heavenwards. Substantially the same view must have subsisted for over 600 years.

From Amiens we travelled on to Beauvais. It needs some measure of architectural enthusiasm to visit Beauvais. It is off the main line, and the *train omnibus* rumbles so leisurely along that we had ample opportunity for rapturing over the cowslips growing in delicious profusion in the meadows—indeed we discussed the possibility of a wild rush to gather a bunch during one of the innumerable halts at a way-side station. In truth the country was so charming, so green and fertile and well-wooded, that the slow progress was no penance. It was a greater trial to Christian cheerfulness to discover on arrival that there was apparently no hotel fit to stay in. Yet even so Beauvais should not be missed. From the wide market place we had our first view of the cathedral, a curious truncated mass of masonry rising high above the house tops. One's first impression is one of amazement at the loveliness of what is achieved and of bewilderment at what is lacking. For Beauvais, as everybody knows, has no nave, only a twelfth century choir and fifteenth century transepts. All else fell in, not once only, but twice and thrice, owing to its vast height and slenderness, and after that neither money nor enthusiasm was available for building the colossal nave that such a choir demands, and to-day the west end is merely closed in with black weather-boarding, in weird contrast to the exquisite grey tones of the carven stone.

Reams of criticism have been written about Beauvais. The professional architect is tempted to regard it merely as an audaciously unsuccessful piece of engineering, while the superior person seizes it as a peg on which to hang moral truisms on the futility of human ambitions. An able writer in the *Times* (Aug. 23, 1912) calls it a "disaster," and Mr. T. F. Bumpus, who is usually sympathetic in his attitude, allows himself to assert sententiously that "it is certainly unpleasant to find an artist striving after more than he is really able to attain."¹ One is tempted to ask what else does any artist worthy of the name spend his life in doing? To humbler folk such condescension towards one of the most

¹ *Cathedrals of Northern France*, p. 107. (Werner Laurie).

sublime churches in existence is a little exasperating. If Beauvais is a failure, it is a failure more glorious than the perfect success of Amiens. It gives us the uttermost that Gothic architecture, in its purest form, can give: that it could not enshrine all that was aimed at in ethereal height and airiness was due to inevitable imperfections of material and to the fallibility of human judgment. The plain truth is that the great transepts are so spacious, and the choir with its ambulatory and corona of chapels is so perfect and complete in itself, that within the church the absence of a nave is little felt. What one regrets far more is the wonderful central *flèche*, the drawings for which are still preserved, which for five brief years, until it crashed in on Ascension Day, 1573, made of Beauvais the highest building in Europe.

To-day the main entrance is by the lovely southern transept, which has all the majesty and decorated richness of a Western façade, the quaint sugar-loaf turrets of the old *palais de justice* beside it only serving to intensify its stupendous height. Yet even the height outside scarcely prepares one for the soaring loveliness within. The slender shafts stretch triumphantly heavenwards, and, to an even greater extent than at Amiens, one's first impression is one of incomparable lightness. Walls there are none; it is a building of columns and shafts and mouldings closed in with glass, and propped up outside by a veritable scaffolding of slim flying buttresses. The clerestory windows alone are sixty feet in length, and those of the apse have been chosen by Ruskin as the theme of one of his illuminating pages on Gothic art, exhibiting as they do the most perfect type of traceried window, when the fullest expanse of light is obtained, and the rudeness of the intermediate space has been finally conquered. Though built over two hundred years later the transepts combine in a wonderful harmony with the choir. No part, indeed, is more beautiful than the north transept, in its amazing height and stately simplicity, lit by an enormous rose window, a feature far more common in French cathedrals than in our own.

The cathedral is not the only architectural treasure that Beauvais can claim. The town is full of quaint old houses, and in the church of St. Etienne it possesses one of the most perfect Romanesque naves in existence, dating from 1110, exquisite in its austere simplicity, and built on to it 400 years later, an audaciously flamboyant choir of far greater height than the nave, with curving traceries, flying buttresses and beautiful parapets of perforated stone. The effect is abso-

lutely startling. Inside, the church is undergoing extensive repair, one can only hope with not too disastrous results. Finally, there is the State factory of the renowned Beauvais tapestry, which, when it is old and faded, fetches such fabulous sums. It is the show place of the town, and many "globe-trotters," we were told, touring in motor-cars, visit it, who probably never look at the cathedral. In its way it is well worth a visit. The workmanship is exquisite—a whole week's work is only represented by a couple of square inches—but much of the colouring is crude and the designs are often poor and unsuitable. Only screens and chair and sofa covers are made. In the opinion of the establishment the tapestry is at its best when it has been exposed to the light for about thirty years. What is pleasant to note is the perfect hygienic conditions under which the work is carried on. Though one enters the factory from the street, all the work-rooms look out on to a stretch of open country and green trees. They are high long rooms, with a great window running the full length, and the weavers sit facing it, with their wide wooden looms in front of them, so that the full light falls on their delicate work. The pay, we were told, is not high, but the hours are short—only seven in winter, as no weaving is done by artificial light—and vacancies in the factory are eagerly sought after. Often the craft is carried on from father to son, promising boys being admitted at fourteen or fifteen, and working as apprentices for six years. Some of the workers were bald or grey-haired, and had sat all their lives in the quiet sunny rooms, passing the threads ceaselessly backwards and forwards with slim dexterous fingers. To a man of artistic feeling and refined temperament it might be a very ideal form of industry. One can imagine M. René Bazin choosing a hero from among the Beauvais weavers.

To pass from cathedral to forest implies no change of mood. Both are centuries old, both exalt the spirit to a reverential rapture, both are a joy to every æsthetic sense one may possess. The forests of the Oise are the oldest in France—the trees are far more venerable than in Fontainebleau—and the most beautifully preserved. Every tree by judicious lopping is given its full value, and the general tidying-up process is carried to just the right limit. In places oaks and beeches, strangely mingled, shoot up well-nigh a hundred feet, straight as masts, before their branches spread out in a green canopy. They are the growth, so the driver of the carriage tells us with pride, of three hundred years.

Below them the undergrowth is kept rigidly within bounds, only here and there a tangled coppice being left as shelter for game. As we drive mile after mile there stretch out on every side lovely vistas of tall tree trunks, and round them the lush spring verdure is starred with blossoms. Compiègne is emphatically the place for drives. True the forest grows right up to the park of the palace, and the cheerful prosperous little town has crept up to the palace gates, but only very sturdy pedestrians could do more than penetrate its outskirts. The forest is fully fifty or sixty kilometres across, and it has singularly few open spaces. Moreover, it is bisected in every direction by straight avenues, literally hundreds of them, crossing each other at numerous *ronds-points*, and to the stranger bewilderingly and inextinguishably alike. So we trust ourselves, for a most reasonable sum, to a little open carriage and pair, and we acquire much local information from our loquacious driver as he urges his horses to a brisk trot along the sandy avenues, and firmly conducts us to the spots that all good tourists are expected to visit: to the silent pools of Ste. Perrine lying amid giant trees, to the Vieux-Moulin, to an old abbey church, white and bare and silent, set in a little clearing, to the haunts of the lily and the wild hyacinth. Be sure he will take you first of all to Pierrefonds, that great mediæval fortress, admirably set on a rock, which Viollet-le-Duc, in an evil moment, rebuilt with archaeological precision, at the expense of his friend and patron Napoleon III. Alas! Pierrefonds is desperately new and clean and lacking in atmosphere, and except as a gigantic object-lesson for school children, one ponders in vain what its possible utility could be. And yet the greatest architect of his day spent long years, and infinite talent and millions of francs on this futile reconstruction!

Compiègne itself, with the wide sluggish Oise flowing beneath it, though a city of some historical renown, has not preserved many of its ancient buildings; rather it has the appearance of a well-kept prosperous country town, which is becoming a fashionable summer resort for Parisians, who are building villas in all directions. Beside the Hotel de la Cloche on the big market place, stands the fine old town-hall, very Flemish in character, and opposite is the bronze statue of Joan of Arc, for was it not outside the walls of Compiègne that the maid fell into the hands of the Burgundians? So Compiègne, like Orleans, has its Jeanne d'Arc fête in May, and the handsome lamentably restored church—why enclose

stone Gothic columns in wooden casings?—was already draped with blue and white in preparation for the event. The palace gardens are charming for sitting in on sunny days, and the palace itself, in the correct eighteenth century style, contains much exquisite Empire furniture and decoration, and a few good pictures and prints, that one would like to explore far more thoroughly than the official *gardiens* permit. We were hustled through in the usual exasperating manner.

The abiding attraction of Compiègne, however, remains the forest, with its oak trees and its lilies, together with the fact that it is so convenient a centre from which to visit other and more remote places. Noyon, Soissons, Senlis, not to mention fashionable Chantilly, with its forest and its race-course and its picture gallery, are all within easy reach. Noyon deserves to be far better known than it is. Like Senlis, the seat of a bishopric up to the Revolution, the cathedral is now a mere parish church, and the demure little town attracts but few tourists. Architecturally Noyon is interesting as retaining two of the distinctive features of the earlier monastic type of church: a narthex, supported by curious buttresses, and a lovely little neglected cloister, where a delicious tangle of greenery half conceals the broken stonework. In point of fact the church belongs to an earlier date than the efflorescence of building under Philip Augustus, for the foundations were laid in 1131, a moment when Gothic had not yet permanently won the victory over Romanesque. So Noyon has the charm and unexpectancy of both round and pointed arches, mingled apparently without any method, a lovely little Romanesque arcading being introduced between the Gothic triforium and clerestory. So, too, the somewhat severe west front, with its plain towers, is Gothic in its main outlines but Romanesque in its details. The special beauty of the church consists in the apsidal transepts, full of grace and charm, a feature carried to still greater perfection at Soissons.

The two cathedrals possess many features in common, with the exception that Soissons, built some forty years later, has lost all trace of Romanesque, and we have instead the pure dignified rather chill Gothic of the early period. We spent an excessively wet Ascension Day exploring its beauties. Of the outside it is impossible to speak: it is very shut in with buildings, and we could only peer at it from under dripping umbrellas. Only outside the door in the north transept did we linger to note the delicate beauty of the Gothic ornamen-

tation. Within, the unusually clean look of the stone, and perhaps some monotony in the design, beautiful as it is, account for a certain chillness in the nave. The great pointed west window has had a rose window fitted into it, with an unpleasant effect, and this again has been barbarously blocked up by the high organ loft. All inclination to criticize, however, vanishes when one turns to the wonderful south transept, which, like Noyon, ends in an apse. This unusual arrangement is treated in a delightful and elaborate manner. An aisle, marked off with slim Gothic columns, runs round it, and is repeated in the triforium, forming an open gallery. The great bays that spring from floor to vaulting are each divided into triple arches, and between the clerestory and triforium runs a delicate blank arcading with slender pillars. This quadruple arrangement gives a great effect of height and richness. In one corner a deep circular chapel has been added, and the whole presents an effect of amazing airiness and grace, with enchanting cross views between the slim clustered columns.

Curiously enough the cathedral is by no means the most prominent building in Soissons. As the train circles round the town one's attention is held by two sumptuous Gothic spires, the towers forming part of a noble façade with three portals, pierced above with what was once a rose window. But there is no church behind the west front, which to-day is all that remains of what was once the abbey church of St. Jean des Vignes. How the abbey fell into ruin while the towers remain in perfect condition, when the catastrophe occurred, and what monks occupied the religious house, no one on the spot was able to tell us, nor does any book I have come across give the information. Certainly few churches can ever have boasted a more dignified and beautiful frontal. Two sides of a charming cloister still lie behind where once the church was, and add to the poignancy of our regret at the destruction of so noble a pile.

To complete our studies in northern Gothic, Senlis, Laon and Rheims should each have been visited in its turn; Senlis with its flamboyant transept, only less lovely than that at Beauvais, Laon wonderfully poised on its rock, Rheims stately of all the cathedrals of France, with sculpture of an almost Greek beauty. But Paris in May-time proved irresistible, and it was for Paris we took train from Compiègne, our hands filled with lilies.

V. M. CRAWFORD.

The Church and the Money-lender.

II.

THE consistency of the Catholic Church in her teaching on loan-interest has already been established in a previous article.¹ It was there shown that, while she discountenanced the practice of money-lending at interest in former times, she permits it to-day, and that her reason for this apparent modification of her doctrine is to be sought in the altered character of money, which in the Middle Ages was normally barren, but is at the present day virtually productive. However, for all her consistency, the Church finds herself, as the result of her teaching in this epoch and in that, between a veritable Scylla and Charybdis.² Her prohibition and her permission are each of them fastened on by opposing schools of economists as grounds of attack. The *laissez faire* school would have it that the canonist prohibition of usury hindered the natural evolution of trade and industry by discouraging the growth of credit, whereas the Socialist would make the Church's sanction of interest responsible for all the abuses of modern capital. Thus exposed she does well to take refuge in the advice of St. Paul, exhibiting herself "the minister of God, in much patience . . . by the armour of justice on the right hand and on the left."³

The following article is, therefore, devoted to rebutting the first of these indictments, since it deals with what historically precedes the second. The most that can be attempted in the compass of these few pages is to give a mere skeleton of the line of argument, without entering into cumbrous technicalities which, however permissible and even desirable in a more elaborate treatise, would here serve only to confuse the

¹ THE MONTH, November, 1913.

² J. Biederlack, *Der Darlehenszins*, pp. 5, 6.

³ 2 Cor. vi. 4, 7.

issue. In answer to the objection that the Church retarded the development of credit, it will be shown that she made ample allowances for the requirements of commerce and industry, and that she actually kept pace with their advances, at once more rapidly and consistently than the civil power itself. Further, that Catholic countries, especially those more nearly in touch with Rome, and therefore better able to understand and apply the canonist principles, were in the van rather than in the rear of economic progress; that their decline in relative prestige and importance has been falsely ascribed to ecclesiastical interference; that the Church performed an inestimably valuable function as the champion of the economically weak; and lastly that the vindication of the position she took up on this question of money-lending in the Middle Ages is writ large in the return of many of the leading States of Europe, including England, to a form of usury laws, which virtually endorses her principles and is designed to check just precisely that pernicious form of credit against which the canonist prohibition of usury was levelled.

Those who represent the Church as having hindered the natural formation and investment of capital, and consequently the production of wealth and well-being, may be divided into two classes. The first draw the *a priori* conclusion that she *must* have impeded material progress; the second essay to give some reason for this inference. As a specimen of the former style of argument, we may quote the words of Böhn-Bawerk¹:—

The very ample and careful attention which these writers (first the canon lawyers and then the legists) gave to the subject is chiefly due to the fact that the prohibition of interest pressed more hardly as time went on, and required to be more strongly defended against the reaction of the trade it oppressed. *The prohibition had originally been imposed in economical circumstances of such a nature that it was easily borne.* Moreover, during its first hundred years, the prohibition had so little command of external force that where practical life felt itself hampered by the restraint it could disregard it without much danger. But later, as industry and commerce grew, their increasing necessity for credit *must have made* the hampering effects of the prohibition increasingly vexatious.

The same charge is made in categorical terms by the late

¹ *Capital and Interest*, pp. 19, 20. Italics in all cases are ours.

Mr. Lecky.¹ His statement has the advantage of being quite direct and unequivocal:

As it is quite certain that commercial and industrial enterprise cannot be carried on on a large scale without borrowing, and as it is equally certain that these loans can only be effected by paying for them in the shape of interest, it is no exaggeration to say that the Church had cursed the material development of civilization. As long as the doctrine of usury was believed and acted on, the arm of industry was paralysed, and the expansion of commerce arrested, and all the countless blessings that have flowed from them withheld.

The author of this imposing passage was just twenty-six when he published the work in which they occur. It dealt with many other subjects besides that under discussion. Notwithstanding the writer's marvellous industry and precocious talents, he could hardly claim to be a specialist in so multifarious a variety of topics as he there undertakes to discuss. It is not therefore surprising that he should have betrayed here or there a somewhat shallow versatility. Like sundry politicians who in recent years first contrived to secure their place in the sun by assiduously devoting themselves to the task of bating the most conspicuous possible Cabinet Minister, so Lecky consciously or unconsciously strove to gain notoriety by this assault on a no less venerable institution than the Catholic Church. To assure his readers of his competency to speak with authority, he obliquely conveys the impression of acquaintance with "all the old Catholic works on the Canon Law and on Moral Philosophy," and with "nearly every book that has ever been written on the Canon Law."² If these are really his credentials, it is not a little strange that his researches have led him to a conclusion contradicted in so many words by the best informed economic opinion of the present day.

It would be arrogance to speak in patronizing terms of the high qualifications of such masters of economic history and theory as Archdeacon Cunningham, of Professor J. S. Nicholson of Edinburgh, or of Professor W. J. Ashley, Dean of the Faculty of Commerce in Birmingham University. Their authority in the department of science which they

¹ *History of the Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe*, vol. ii. p. 262. 4th edition. This work is still quoted as a *locus classicus* on this subject. Cf. A. Marshall, *Principles of Economics*, i. p. 584, n. 1 (5th ed.)

² *Op. cit.* pp. 254, 255.

profess is unchallenged. They are not mere recent graduates, anxious to make a name by saying something startling; they have devoted a lifetime to the study of their subject. Not being Catholics, they can have no motive for defending the action of the mediæval Church except zeal for scientific accuracy and historical truth. Their independence of judgment in criticizing other spheres of ecclesiastical activity shows that their opinions on the Usury Prohibition proceed from no "clerically-minded" source. What, then, is their considered verdict on this matter? It is diametrically opposed to that of Lecky. They take the view that when the usury prohibition was at its severest its severity was justified by the peculiar nature of the economic circumstances which it was designed to regulate.

The development of the Canonist doctrine on loan-interest [says Professor [Nicholson¹]] was much more than a straining of a text of Aristotle on the barrenness of money. It had no doubt its negative side, and its prohibitions and condemnations, if applied *verbatim et litteratim* to modern conditions would make Lombard Street as deserted as Pompeii. Such a test, however, is altogether unfair. The proper comparison, so far as condemnation was concerned, is not Lombard Street but Isaac Gordon. The Canonist writers were dealing with those very practices in the condemnation of which the last (1900) Money-Lending Act is obliged to resort to the mediæval term "unconscionable." The Canonist doctrine was an attempt to provide religious, moral, and legal sanctions against abuses that were universal in all early civilizations, and which survive as important exceptions at the present time.

This view is in complete agreement with that of Dr. Cunningham.²

It is commonly supposed [he writes] that narrow-minded ecclesiastics laid down an arbitrary and unjustifiable rule against taking interest, and that they hampered the growth of trade. The rule was not arbitrary, but commended itself to ordinary common-sense, *and it did not hamper trade*. The limits which were laid down in regard to money loans were not so narrow as modern writers appear to suppose, and every encouragement was given to men who could afford it to make gratuitous loans for definite periods, as a form of Christian charity; *and it may be*

¹ *Pol. Econ.*, iii. 132, 133.

² *Growth of English Industry and Commerce during the Early and Middle Ages*. Pp. 258, 259. 3rd Edition.

confidently affirmed that no real hindrance was put in the way of material progress in the then existing state of society by these restrictions. Tillage was so generally carried on by communities, or at any rate was so far co-operative that the cultivator would rarely be reduced to borrowing money, as the Eastern peasantry do. Poverty probably meant a greater personal dependence on a manorial lord, not a constant dread of the exactions of usurers. Nor was it necessary for the artisan to borrow, as in all probability his gild would supply the means of carrying on his trade, if unexpected losses or sickness crippled his resources; while generally speaking, the stock-in-trade required was very small, as he often worked on materials supplied by customers. If he was engaged on a long job where money was needed, he could borrow for the purpose on terms which remunerated the lender with a share in the profits, without being guilty of usury, as understood by St. Thomas Aquinas. *The merchants, too, were not restrained from using the capital of other men in their ventures, or from remunerating them for the risk involved.* The cases in which men were reduced to borrow without being able to offer the lenders a profitable partnership were those where kings and barons were suddenly called on to meet the expenses of a military expedition, or where land-holders and ecclesiastics had to borrow to meet the calls of royal or papal taxation; borrowing for the sake of building magnificent works or for other purposes of display we need not consider. Mediæval usury was quite unlike that of pagan and Eastern countries, *for it was prevented from attacking and preying on the industrial resources of the country;* the comfortable classes and ecclesiastics were those who suffered most by being occasionally forced to apply to bankers or Jews when they really needed coins.

The usury prohibition was at first confined to the clergy. In the ninth century it was extended to the laity; and in the twelfth it was incorporated in the civil codes. There are two distinct periods to which it applied, the one a period of comparative stagnation, the other of rapidly increasing economic activity. Naturally, as the presumption on which the usury prohibition rested—namely, the virtual unproductiveness of money—became less and less true, its severity was progressively more and more relaxed. Dr. Cunningham would extend the first period alluded to into the early fifteenth century. With the dawn of the era of discovery and colonization and with the importation of an unprecedented supply of the precious metals from the New World, capital began to be formed and applied on a scale hitherto unknown.

Taking separately the two periods just mentioned, we have to inquire whether in either or both the usury prohibition hindered economic progress. If it did, then this must have been because it withdrew from agriculturists the means of improving land, from traders or manufacturers the necessary facilities for pushing their business, or from the State the funds required to carry on the government for the general welfare. That is the question.

The reply is that in neither period was capital disabled by the Church's teaching and discipline on loan-interest from supplying the legitimate needs of agriculture, commerce, or government. The landowner was able to procure funds for the improvement of his estate by selling a rent-charge upon it; the merchant by taking a capitalist into partnership; and the exchequer by issuing government bonds. The Church not only approved but by her example positively encouraged the first two of these forms of investment, and did not condemn the third.¹ Advances of money made on these conditions were free from all taint of usury, provided the contracts involved were *bona fide* and not made on exorbitant terms. As Professor Nicholson commends² the "remarkable clearness and judicial impartiality" with which Dr. Cunningham and Professor Ashley "bring out the growth of mediæval opinion and the adaptation of opinion to changes in the economic environment," the reader may be referred to the works of those authors, to which copious reference is made in the foot-notes. It must suffice here to emphasize four things; first, that these contracts were admirably adapted to the conditions of the time; secondly, that they gave available capital all the vent it required; thirdly, that through them capital was diverted from unproductive loans to purposes that increased national wealth; and last, but not least, that it is a calumny to say that they were mere evasions of the usury prohibition, connived at by the Church, when she found herself in open conflict with the business opinion of the day. The purchase of a rent-charge differed radically from a mere loan at interest. By the terms of the contract the capitalist was not entitled to demand back his money from the person to whom he had advanced it; he could, however, recover it by selling his title to a third party. Similarly, the sleeping

¹ Ashley, *Econ. Hist.*, II, ii. 447—9. W. Endemann, *Studien in der romanisch-hanontischen Wirtschafts- und Rechtslehre*, i. pp. 431—460.

² *Pol. Econ.*, iii. p. 134, n. 1.

partner who associated himself in merchant adventure with another, whose contribution consisted in the labour of superintendence, could only recover his capital or interest if the venture succeeded. The learned Endemann, whose religious bias led him to suggest that the Church forbade under one form of contract substantially the same kind of profit on money lent as she allowed under another, is justly and severely rebuked by Professor Ashley.¹ He shows how both these contracts were independent growths, and did not originate merely in the effort to dodge the usury prohibition, or to save the face of the Church by enabling her gracefully to retire from an untenable position. He points out that those who like Endemann regard the contracts of rent-charge (*census*) and business-partnership with limited liability (*commenda*) as covert loans proceed on a false assumption. They assume that the natural form in which to invest capital is in the form of loan at interest; whereas in point of fact only a relatively small amount of capital, even in our own day, if we except public debts, is so invested. Rent-charges were a form of investment much resorted to by monasteries and other ecclesiastical institutions, since they assured the investor a secure and regular, if somewhat diminished income, while they saved him the labour of managing a further extension of landed property himself. As for business partnership, Pope Innocent III., a redoubtable enemy of usury, particularly recommended it in the year 1206 as a form of investment in which dowries might be invested so as to yield a lawful profit.²

The exigencies of trade were still further met by the permission of nautical insurance (*foenus nauticum*) and the practice of *interesse*.³ By the former shipmasters could raise funds to purchase cargo or for payment of their crews by pledging their ships to a capitalist. The capital was to be returned with interest only if the ship returned safe. Lending money on terms that exposed the lender to such risk of loss was clearly a different thing from an advance of fully secured money, to be repaid with interest unconditionally.

The method of *interesse*, by which the Lombards eluded the usury prohibition, required the lender to make a gratuitous loan for at least a short period, and if by the end of that time it was not repaid, he was permitted to charge, on

¹ *Econ. Hist.*, II. ii. pp. 420, 421; 428.

² Ashley, p. 419.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 421—425; 397—405.

one or both of two different grounds, a reasonable interest, either by way of *conventional penalty for default*, or to indemnify the lender for such *sacrifice of profit* as he could reasonably maintain he suffered by foregoing the use of his money for the borrower's benefit. Such a presumption was legitimate in the case of lenders who, like Italian capitalists, could urge that, when they lent to monks or nobles in momentary need of money to pay tithes or taxes, they were advancing capital they could have easily employed at home at a profit in trade or industry.

The unpopularity of the Lombards, especially the Caursines, was due no doubt to the fact that then loans were for unproductive purposes and also that under cover of a contract, legitimate in itself, they charged an exorbitant price for their accommodation.¹

That the foregoing forms of contract, conscientiously used as a means of gaining profit on money, were in no sense identical with the practice of usury, but as a matter of fact differed widely from it in the beneficial character of their effects, is thus stated by Professor Ashley.²

Speaking of the middle of the fifteenth century . . . we may fairly say that *these methods satisfied business needs* and that there was no strong demand on the part of those engaged in trade for the repeal of the usury prohibition. *It is altogether misleading and unfair, then, to speak of the prohibition as putting obstacles in the way of the employment of capital.* So far as wealth was intended to serve as capital, it found ways open for its employment—ways *which were adequate for the time, and against which the Canonists had not a word to say.*

That being so, can we be surprised that even Lecky admits that there is "a little exaggeration" in the grotesque, not to say scandalously untrue, statement of Montesquieu "Thus we owe to the speculations of the scholastics all the misfortunes that have accompanied the destruction of commerce."³

From the end of the fifteenth century both Church and State accorded greater freedom of money contract. Rent charges on movable property and even on the general credit of persons in quest of capital (*census personalis*) received

¹ Cunningham, *Growth, &c.*, p. 208.

² *Econ. Hist.*, II. ii. p. 438.

³ Lecky, *l.c.* p. 262, n. 2. Montesquieu, *Esprit des Lois*, xxi. 20.

ecclesiastical sanction. The principle of partnership underwent an evolution which practically converted it into a loan of money in what was known as the Triple Contract. Both, however, were sometimes abused to cloak usurious bargains, and in so far as they did so, were condemned by the Church. The Triple Contract was initially a contract of partnership, attached to which were two subsidiary contracts of insurance, by which the capitalist bargained himself out of the risk of losing his capital and even his interest. He covenanted in fact to receive a smaller certain gain in preference to a larger but uncertain one. Each of these contracts was licit in itself. The whole difficulty arose when they were all made at once with the same person. It was, however, in itself no evasion of the usury prohibition, and, though provisionally forbidden by Sixtus V. in 1586, it was set forth with evident approval by Benedict XIV. at a later date.¹

HENRY IRWIN.

(To be concluded.)

¹ *De Synodo Diœc.*, x. 72. Cf. Ashley, 440—447.

"The Accepted Hour."

CHAPTER V. (*continued.*)

As the words passed her lips, Celia would have given the world to recall them. It seemed unbelievable that anything could bring a cloud between them already, but there was a perceptible pause of half a minute (and thirty seconds is an appreciable interval in a dialogue where the speakers are newly-declared lovers) before Anthony got up from the low chair on which he sat playing with Celia's leather work and teasing Kuro.

"Play me a bit of 'Colombine,'" he said, "and let us change the subject."

Celia sat down to play; Colombine and Harlequin tripped airily through Poelmitt's exquisite ballet music, and Wareham sat by the piano, with one hand beating time on Kuro's unresisting back; but his face was graver than his occupation warranted. Miss Glendale played through the whole of Tchaikowsky's piano setting of "The Nutcracker" before she turned round and laid her hand on her lover's. "Is it possible I have offended you, Anthony?" she asked.

He looked up and smiled at her. "Of course, you haven't offended me. I was only considering how to put something that must sooner or later be settled, but there is no hurry about it."

Celia looked hesitatingly at Wareham. "Of course, I know, in a way, what you are thinking of. I suppose you will have to get a dispensation to marry me. I remember quite well when Eva Renfrew married George Harrington she had to have a dispensation, and I know what Roman Catholics call 'the conditions.' Of course, I agree to them," she finished nervously.

Wareham got up and paced the little drawing-room, his hands in his pockets and his chin on his breast. There was another short silence. Celia fingered the music on the piano. As long as she lived, the lithographed border to Tchaikow-

sky's "Nutcracker" which she was looking at, mechanically counting the berries and leaves along the edge, recalled that day and hour. The room was full of the scent of wall-flowers, and the April sky was stained with the last flush of sunset. Wareham came and stood behind her as she sat still on the music stool.

"It's hardly fair on you," he began, with something of hurry and tremor in his voice, "to expect you to understand, but I don't know that anything is gained by delay after all. Look at me, Celia. . . . Do you know that there is something dearer to me even than you are?"

She stood up and looked at him, meeting his eyes, which for the first time for many days were sad; but she was never very ready of speech with him, and so he was left to answer his own question.

"Don't misunderstand me," he went on, "you will know some day how utterly abhorrent the idea of any persuasion or coercion would be to me, but it is only fair to you to tell you that I shall always pray for you to receive the gift of faith."

Faith, prayer,—the words rang oddly in the ears of Sir Eliot Glendale's daughter; she felt as if she were in a dream from which she must wake.

"I never spoke to you," went on Anthony, his voice still shaken and hurried, "of my own soul because I had no right to, until you were mine, but I cannot think of you as my wife and face the idea that we are not really one. Yes, I know what you would say. . . . Don't speak, let me finish, or perhaps I shall never have the courage to come near the subject again. When the last sitting came, I felt we had reached an atmosphere where friendship could not breathe, I was either to lose you or keep you for ever. You know that it was impossible for us to part. Now you belong to me I cannot hide my soul from you."

The spring twilight had settled on the room, and Celia could only see the outline of Wareham's pacing figure. With the last words he came up to her again and gently patted her shoulder.

"There is nothing to grieve over," he said, "we are both overwrought, or we should discuss this calmly. I have been a coward and afraid of losing you, under all my bombast, and now I have frightened you by springing this on you suddenly. Dear, it only means that I would give my

life for you to have faith, and that I love you so that the thought of any division appals me."

Celia had still no answer, but the last words consoled her, and she looked up through her tears with such bewildered pathos in her face, that Wareham felt as if he had been brutal to a child.

"I had better go now," he said presently, "promise me that you will try and not mistake me. Remember how I love you, and keep the thought in your mind, that some day you will understand what it costs me to hurt you, even un-awares."

When he had gone, Celia sat on in the twilight which was fast deepening into complete darkness. She turned Anthony's ring round and round on her finger till the tender flesh was scored with a red bar, then the physical pain started her half-dried tears again, and laying her head on the piano she wept bitterly and long.

The next morning brought with it calmer thoughts, and at breakfast time a few cheerful lines came from Wareham saying that he was called to Liverpool on business for a fortnight, and ending with one of those sentences which make women of Celia Glendale's type seriously consider whether absence be not almost better than the bodily presence of a lover. Anthony's hand-writing was so absolutely a part of his personality, that to see such words as he used, in bidding her good-bye for a few days, made his influence almost stronger than when he spoke, and the hours of each morning in which she received his letters were the happiest of her life. She tried to dismiss the subject of their last conversation from her mind as much as was loyal to Wareham, but by degrees a resolve was forming in her thoughts which went far to wipe out the pain of that last afternoon.

She met him on his return with a face of sunshine, and such utter irresponsible happiness at the mere sight of him, that once again the tide of their love closed over all the deeper thoughts in both hearts, and carried them on irresponsibly. Meanwhile the engagement was announced; it met with all the varied comments to be expected, and when the "Lady in the Grey Dress" hung in the best place at the Academy Private View, Miss Glendale and her future husband carried off the honours of the afternoon. Simon Mosehurst and the Wybrows had a modestly conscious air of having brought the lovers together, and no one in their near

vicinity was bold enough to make the obvious remark on the disparity in age.

"After all," remarked Ambrose Clements to Lady Rotherhithe, who had bespoken him for her annual Academy luncheon party, and was sucking his brains during a morning stroll round the exhibition, "seven years on the wrong side is nothing so enormous, and you couldn't expect any woman to resist Anthony Wareham."

"Dear Mr. Clements," murmured Lady Rotherhithe, "of course, I think poor Miss Glendale looks even more than her age, but the portrait is absolutely haggish."

"That is so like a woman," returned the great Ambrose, who sometimes instructed his votaries with more severity than they altogether relished, "here you have a magnificent portrait, such as few other living men could paint, and all you think of is whether there is a line or two more or less in the face."

Lady Rotherhithe, who secretly admired diaphanous ladies in pearl necklaces, holding pink roses against a blue sky, and sincerely regretted that her own portrait by Wareham was quite so realistic, looked rather frightened, and led her great man up to a landscape about which no discussion was possible, it was so frankly and absolutely bad. Mr. Clements abused it loudly and heartily for some moments, after which he felt much relieved, and accompanied Lady Rotherhithe home to luncheon. Anthony and Celia held a little court in the Sculpture room, as Miss Glendale found it rather tiring and embarrassing to stand where her personal appearance was discussed in detail, on an average about three times in ten minutes, in those audible asides which penetrate farther than any other inflections of the human voice. She looked and felt radiantly happy, and Anthony would have been more than human if anything could have depressed him at such a moment. He had painted the picture of the year, he was going to make a love match, and it was impossible to remember anything else. One of his gifts was a buoyancy of manner that used to make Celia feel as if worries were not only out of place where he was, but ridiculous. If even she had not been in love with him, his presence would have been such a tonic to a woman of her type, that she would have sought his company simply to be cheered. When she dared let herself think of the forbidden topic, which lay like a bruised place in her heart beneath all her happiness, it was to

wonder how such sheer light-heartedness as Wareham's could dwell with those other feelings of which she had had one unforgettable glimpse. Her ideas on such subjects were primitive and child-like, and belonged to the inchoate period of her girlhood. She still thought religion a kind of funereal topic, and had a vague idea that faith was inseparable from unreality and gloom. She felt dimly that husband and wife ought to think alike on such a subject, but until she knew Anthony Wareham it never occurred to her that any modern man could have any deeper emotions than those of love or ambition. Women who have been brought up as Celia had, their minds accustomed to face realities which form part of their lives, while their own rather lethargic natures keep them long in a kind of belated youth, are apt to form theories on the subject of men, which, to say the least of them, do not err on the side of idealism. Occasionally she startled Anthony by some speech, which coming from any other lips would have misled him.

"How could you ever have come to care for me," he would ask her sometimes, "if you thought all men like that?"

"It was because I did," she answered naively, "and because I thought you must be the only person in the world who was different."

Wareham could not speak against the dead, but there were moments when he felt devoutly grateful that Sir Eliot Glendale had slipped this mortal coil and gone to his account. It took all his love for Celia to make him forget whose daughter she was, and he nightly thanked God for her crystal purity of nature which had not even been clouded by the poisonous atmosphere of her early home. "Time is not, in the things of God," and perhaps Wareham's prayers had been intended from all eternity to make thanksgiving for the purity of the woman he loved: and for the special grace which caused her to turn naturally to the highest. She had loved unconsciously, but she had been preserved from casting her pearls before swine.

CHAPTER VI.

THE end of June had come, and London was still thronged with those masses of people who are never tired of abusing it. Electric carriages and motors of every size and shape, filled the streets, from the huge touring car, flying through crowded

thoroughfares on its way to green fields and quiet villages, to the taxi-cab standing triumphantly amongst the fast thinning ranks of fourwheelers. Parks and Squares were seen through a haze of dust and fumes of petrol, their green freshness only appearing when rain showers come hissing down on the hot pavement between every few days of sunshine. Shop windows blossomed into parterres of white and pale colours, and at night the huge city was one vast illuminated network of lamps and blazing frontages. The air of drawing-rooms began to have that exhausted flavour which no amount of flower scents can conceal, and every available balcony and few feet of garden held groups of white-bloused women and straw-hatted men. Sunday had become once more the quietest day in the seven by reason of the general weekly exodus. The empty streets were given up to maid-servants whom no amount of heat can deter from putting on their best clothes, which generally include the seasonable adjunct of a fur boa, and to a few languid cats and dogs who, for a brief and blessed interval, are not in danger of sudden annihilation.

Wareham and Celia did not meet as often as most engaged couples, he was nearly always busy, and she made it the aim of her existence not to become even the shadow of an encumbrance. It was tacitly understood that they were to be married in the winter, but the topic had never been broached in words since the one unforgettable day. Celia once asked Anthony if he would take her to Mass, but she made her suggestion as such an obvious alternative to going on the river, where they often spent their Sundays, and so unconsciously showed that it was only a happy expedient for spending a little more of the day with him, that Anthony felt again the sensation of being cruel to a child, when he refused.

"You are sound asleep when I go to Mass," he said gently, "and I don't think a long hot morning in a stuffy building would be good for you. I'll come to you at 10.30 and we can spin down to Chertsey and get on the river before the crowd."

And when they met, the magnetism of his actual presence would drive everything else out of her mind. She did not ask him to lend her Catholic books, because, like so many people of her world, she was possessed by the curious delusion that she knew a great deal more of the Catholic Religion

than any biased and prejudiced Catholic writer was likely to do. She had seen most of the celebrated churches abroad, she could tell you where all the best known Holy Families and Crucifixions were to be seen, and had quite a varied knowledge of the names of the Orders; indeed it was only since she had been engaged that she had moved from among her silver toys on one of the drawing-room tables, a little heart-shaped reliquary, which she had once called upon Wareham to admire. She saw an expression on his face which was new to her, and the experiment was not repeated. She was now living vaguely from day to day, drifting on towards her marriage, and supremely possessed by the one idea of pleasing Anthony at every cost. He drifted with her, sometimes anathematizing himself for a coward, and at other times angry with himself for expecting the impossible. It was only when he was alone, at those times when, as he had told her, she was asleep, and he was where the secrets of all hearts are opened, that he faced his trouble, for there was no longer any disguising the fact that the state of things was becoming a trouble and a bitter one. Every morning before settling to work, he would start off to walk through the still empty streets, and wrestle with his pain; on his way back he calmed himself by kneeling for a few moments where he could tell his Master all his vacillations and perplexities. Every shadow of care on his face only suggested to Celia the one idea which dogged her like Nemesis, that he might tire of her. It was so natural, she told herself, and she would wearily go over in her mind all the possible subterfuges to which he might have to resort. A resolve was growing slowly in her; there was only one thing she could do, which in her eyes would set a price upon the gift of herself that no other woman could surpass: she would become a Catholic. Her mental attitude was such that this resolve was more recklessly generous than if she had known what she was contemplating; she had decided to throw away all individual feelings, even sincerity, to keep Anthony's love. If he had been a Brahmin, or a Mahomedan, she would have gladly tried to learn his faith, all she dreaded was to lose him. Truly she was awake at last, and her soul was become the battle-field of good and evil. If she had known how to pray aright, perhaps some light would have been let in on her, but for her the world began and ended with Anthony Wareham. He "barred the way to every shrine," and if all through those

days he was besieging God to solve the riddle and give him his heart's desire without a surrender of conscience, Celia saw and thought of no answer to any kind of prayer but Anthony's love. In after years, when she had learned with awe and gratitude to trace the fulfilment of her destiny, the thoughts of what her awakening had been, and the remembered glimpses of herself, willing to barter all honesty for the one earthly treasure, would send her to her knees in an agony of love and humiliation. But she had not learned her lesson yet; like everything else in her life, it was to come to her only just not too late. So her resolve grew firmer, and at last she acted on it. She was conscious of a pitifully child-like impulse, a wish to surprise Anthony with pleasant news, and as yet nothing warned her that she stood at the parting of the ways.

Wareham had to go away again on business and they would not meet until they paid some visits to country houses to which friends of both had invited them. At their parting Celia watched his face for symptoms of relief, and he was by this time so troubled that she almost fancied she detected them. If she should be too late! Something seemed to tell her how fatal it would be to announce what she was going to do, even if she had not thought that it would blunt the edge of the joyful surprise. She did not understand his way of meeting any approach on her part to the subject which divided them. Like many people who have some supreme desire for which they are praying or wishing, Wareham hardly believed it would be granted; Celia's allusions only tantalised him, and by their unconscious revelation of her mental attitude, showed but too plainly that he had no cause to rejoice as yet. God is good, and he never knew that the woman he loved had once been ready to sell her soul to keep him: it was the only secret between them, and when Celia was absolved from her sin she felt that the pain of such a knowledge belonged to her alone; she had no right to darken another's life with it. And now she was to tread alone the last steps of the way along which she had been brought, but her eyes were still held, and it was with only the half-exultant and half-frightened sensation of a child's excursion into the forbidden, that Miss Glendale looked in the directory for a priest's name and address, and rang at his door as soon after as the motor would take her.

Father Vincent Ellery was just sitting down to his tea in

the little dining-room behind the Presbytery waiting-room, when his attention was arrested by the hissing of a stationary motor-car, and the drawling answers of the boy, who, when not practising for the choir, carrying up coals, or blacking boots, opened the door.

"Could a lady see you, Father," he inquired, putting his head round the door which he held in one Ethiopian finger and thumb. Father Ellery had been able to train him up in the pursuit of every virtue but cleanliness, but soap might have been as unattainable as perfection to see the usual state of the youth's collar and hands.

The priest got up, leaving his untasted tea steaming in its thick china cup beside the plate of substantial bread and butter.

"She gave no name, I suppose," he remarked. "Well, you'd better drink that tea yourself as it's poured out, and then when you go down to the kitchen for a clean cup, do, for goodness' sake, wash your hands."

With these words he went into the waiting-room. Miss Glendale, in a lace gown, wearing in her bodice two roses from Anthony's daily gift, which filled the air of the shabby little room with their sweet breath, was a somewhat incongruous and unexpected figure, but little Father Ellery was not easily disconcerted, and his thoughts merely turned to the prosaic subject of servants. He began to review mentally all the likely and unlikely girls whom he could in conscience recommend to this dazzling apparition, who had doubtless come in despair to ask for a scullery maid. He took a seat and they exchanged salutations. Something in Celia's face turned the current of his thoughts, and he perceived that she was slightly embarrassed. The good priest little knew that he was quite as unexpected a figure to his visitor as she was to him; her mind had been filled with vague pictures of hollow-cheeked ascetics in white draperies, saturnine profiles surmounting purple folds (poor Celia's dream world was now full of recollections of Italian portraits, or stage prelates), and a rather shiny black cassock, enveloping a short stumpy figure of generous curves, was a reality too abrupt to be beheld with perfect equanimity. But Father Ellery was nothing if not business-like, and he had no notion of wasting more of the afternoon than he could help; he crossed his buckled shoes and asked Miss Glendale what he could do for her.

"I have come to be received," she began, too flurried to notice the priest's start, and the new expression which immediately transformed his face. "I must apologise for coming to you as a perfect stranger, but I am engaged to be married to a Catholic and of course I naturally" The words died on her lips, and in all simplicity she thought her errand had now explained itself.

Father Ellery looked searchingly at his visitor; something like amusement glittered for an instant in his little blue eyes, but was quickly succeeded by that placid gaze which is an unfailing means of encouraging a diffident speaker to begin. He kept every indication of surprise out of his face; he had only one question to ask and then he would know how the land lay.

"Does the gentleman whom you are going to marry know of the step you have taken?" he asked.

"No," answered Celia, "but, of course, I know what Catholics think of mixed marriages (she felt a slight pride in her correct phraseology), and I have a very deep conviction that husband and wife should not be divided in anything, particularly religion." She bit her lips to stop their trembling: it was impossible to tell this serene little man of the overpowering, humiliating fear that possessed her lest Anthony was growing to need the stimulus of some great act of abnegation on her part to prevent him tiring of her.

"He is younger than I am," she went on, womanly vanity being no longer vulnerable, since Anthony had not found her age an insurmountable barrier, "and he does not seem to think that he ought to insist at all, or coerce me in any way, but I can feel that our marriage will be much happier if we have no cause of disagreement, and I have no fears or misgivings about the step I am taking."

At the words insist and coerce, the priest raised his eyebrows. "You understand what are called 'the conditions,'" he said, "and you are aware that in such a case as yours there is no doubt that your future husband could get a dispensation to marry you as you are?"

"Oh, of course," said Celia rather impatiently, "but you do not seem to see my point, I want to be a Catholic because I shall have a Catholic husband. Lately I have seemed to understand more and more that he will never be entirely happy until I belong to his religion."

Her voice dropped, the contrast between her calm tem-

perate words, and the gnawing fear at her heart that only desperate measures would keep Anthony's allegiance, was so bitter that her task almost exceeded her resolution. The priest remained silent for a few moments, then he lifted his head and spoke in a very grave and gentle voice.

"My child," he said, and Celia started, his words and tone were so unexpected, "my child, you cannot be a Catholic unless God calls you."

There was silence in the little room; outside, the children were playing behind the church, filling the air with shouts and sounds of scuffling. Celia looked out of the window with unseeing eyes and counted the palings of the priest's little garden gate, where his housekeeper was taking a can from the milkman. Father Ellery's voice broke the stillness.

"Do you ever pray?" he asked. She nodded dumbly. "Then pray that you may do God's will, keep your mind away from the suitability or advisability of being of the same opinion as your husband, and if God gives you the grace of faith, you will know and see why I cannot do more for you now. One thing I can do, and since you have come here prepared to obey me blindly, I am sure you will grant my request." He rose to his feet and turned to the door.

"Come with me," he said, "I will take you into the church and you shall make your petition in your own words."

She followed him through a little passage to a door which opened on to a stone court-yard. The sounds of the children shouting at play came nearer and then faded into utter stillness, as the priest opened a second door. They were in the church. Celia had seen nearly all the glories of ecclesiastical art in Europe; mighty organ music, the piercing sweetness of famous choirs of boys, even the grave chant of cloistered monks had not been wanting in her experience of enjoyment, and she looked round almost with repulsion at the staring red and gold Stations of the Cross which hung at regular intervals round the blue distempered walls, the painted plaster statues under their gilt canopies, and the gaudy altar carpet behind the rail of stained wood. Father Ellery's little Mission was not endowed with any treasures save One. He walked quietly up to the rail and knelt on one of the steps in front of the altar, his little squat figure taking on a solemn dignity as soon as it fell into the attitude of prayer. Celia instinctively imitated him and found herself kneeling on a bench half-way down the church. A vague

flavour of exhausted incense, the only thing which recalled any association to her, floated in the air with its inseparable accompanying odour of guttering wax, while a tall bunch of lilies on a side altar poured out an overpowering fragrance as the hot July sun streamed on them from the painted window overhead. With an instinct of awe she turned away from the light hanging in its little brass lamp above the head of the kneeling priest, and her eyes fell upon the figure of the tender Mother, her arms outheld in a gesture which no painted plaster can render less than divine, and in them the Child whose baby hands hold the orb of the world. Celia's head sank on her hands, and she prayed. She offered but vague struggling prayers, tainted with self, and rebellious with wild appeals, one name prefacing her every petition, and one boon the condition of her every promise, but the seed was sown, although the soil it had fallen on was still choked with weeds, and parched for lack of the dew which falls from Heaven.

Presently Father Ellery rose, and, still in silence, took her back to the gate and let her out. She came out into the little common sunny street, and got into the motor in a kind of dream. The roads and houses rushed past her, and all the accustomed noises of the streets clanged in her unlistening ears. The hot summer day was cooling 'into evening as she reached home, and sat down in her drawing-room. The familiar objects wore a strange air, and yet she felt herself the stranger amongst them. She looked mechanically at the two books the priest had put into the motor, and which she held in her hand; and set them down without opening them. The yellow roses on her dress were crushed and dead.

CHAPTER VII.

LADY ROTHERHITHE'S last small dinner-party of the season had reached its apotheosis: morose female appetites, and the artificially excited pangs of male hunger had alike yielded to the succulent attractions provided, and all suspense and anxiety connected with a right distribution and mating of the guests had long since subsided. Glimpses of the lovely dim green of the summer night sky could be seen through the open windows, and the electric lamps were veiled in that tender shade of pink which only your hostess on the shady side of forty knows how to choose in perfection. The table,

with its centre of heavy Italian point lace, was one riot of blush-coloured peonies; a cloying smell of strawberries struggled with the distant aroma of brewing coffee, and overpowering emanations of scent. Simon Mosehurst had just contrived to place a *bon-mot* which might have been kept with advantage for the next stage in the proceedings, and Mrs. Wybrow was turning her rather offended kittenish face to her other neighbour, Ambrose Clements, when, in a lull in the general conversation they both caught the name of Celia Glendale. Mr. Clements, with the air of the Grand Monarque stronger than ever upon him, asked after Wareham: he was usually rather bored by Rosamund Wybrow, and her perpetual flow of theatre gossip. As she was a Dean's daughter and had been engaged to Dennington when he was intended by his father for a living in the Established Church, and before he had developed his extraordinary talent for playing villains except in Vicarage theatricals, she always thought it incumbent on her to be a professional of the professionals in her conversation. But the great Ambrose forgave her much in consideration of her exquisite singing; music had been his first love, before the cares of re-naming almost every picture in modern collections had absorbed him to the exclusion of other interests.

"Anthony is in Liverpool again about some exhibition," she remarked, "and Celia is up to something most extraordinary. I don't know what it is, but Den met her in some quite impossible neighbourhood when he was getting those paste ornaments made for the new play."

Mr. Clements thought of the disquieting face of the "Lady in a Grey Dress," and remarked casually that he supposed the wedding would soon take place.

"Well, that's one of the funny things about the whole business," Rosamund continued, "I asked her the other day what happened over this kind of mixed arrangement, and she seemed rather offended, and changed the subject. I had an idea that perhaps Master Anthony has been troublesome. After all it really was a most extraordinary idea of his to propose to her. She is a darling, and of course I am perfectly devoted to her, but nothing can alter the fact that there are seven years between them and on the wrong side."

"What is far more important is their difference of religion," returned Ambrose Clements, "Wareham is the type of man that loses his head first, and remembers his con-

victions afterwards. Perhaps he is just realizing what he has done, and with his mediæval cast of mind is as likely as not to cut the whole thing and go into a monastery."

Mrs. Wybrow thought this delicious. "How perfect he would look in a white habit! Do you remember George Ray as Friar Aloysius in *The Mountain of Destiny*? I hope Den will play it in America this year."

Mr. Clements felt his temper rising. "I really don't think you realize," he remarked, with an angry and prolonged sniff at the pink carnation in the glass in front of him, "that you are speaking of a very serious thing. For Anthony Wareham to leave off painting would be such a loss to the world, that at any rate *I* for one could not contemplate it lightly. And I thought Miss Glendale was your friend."

Mrs. Wybrow's face puckered as if she were going to cry. "Well, at any rate, I'm sure *he* isn't going to do anything, it's Celia that's so mysterious."

Here Lady Rotherhithe bent across her right hand neighbour and remarked, "Miss Glendale is going to become a Roman Catholic; how I happened to hear it was that my maid and hers are friends, and as Mélanie, Celia's maid, was particularly asked to keep it a secret for the present, of course she only told her friend, and Rosine tells me everything, so there you are."

This flowing and logical piece of rhetoric produced an effect only second to the first announcement of the Wareham engagement. A perfect hubbub of conversation arose among all the guests around the table, in which Lady Rotherhithe could be heard supposing that Celia would now be married in a veil, though far too old for anything but a hat, and Simon Mosehurst declaring that Wareham could do anything with a woman if he chose. Mrs. Wybrow remarked that of course Roman Catholics were no doubt a branch of the Catholic Church as at present established in England, and then remembering that this savoured too much of the Dean's daughter and not enough of the actor's wife, triumphantly capped it by saying, "*What* a third act!"

By this time Mr. Clements' temper had almost risen past the control of his Louis XIV. manner, and he was only saved from such an explosion of smothered profanity as would have frozen Mrs. Wybrow into the Dean's daughter for the remainder of the evening, by the timely exit of the ladies. Rosamund, however, sang "*Un Rêve*" to such good purpose

when he joined them, that he forgave her, only reminding the pretty little lady that a woman who could sing Verlaine's verses so perfectly ought to have a soul above third acts.

Slightly mysterious and mostly inaccurate were the paragraphs which after this began to lurk in the weekly papers, and Miss Monkinstall, in the refined seclusion of a home for paying guests so far out of the radius that the tariff never even fluctuated, was cut to the heart to read one morning, "Mr. Anthony Wareham, the well-known portrait painter, is engaged to marry a lady, born and educated in the same ancient faith as himself, and it is an open secret that she is the original of the 'Lady in the Grey Dress,' one of the pictures bought by the Lychgate Bequest in this year's Royal Academy."

With that devout respect for everything printed which belongs to her generation, Miss Monkinstall at first believed the news must refer to another lady, but the allusion to the portrait was conclusive, and she nearly collapsed under the double shock of discovering that printed matter could be unreliable, and that Celia must have become a Roman Catholic! The careless words uttered by Miss Glendale, which had first started the topic of religion between herself and Wareham now bid fair to be fulfilled, for the ancient governess wrote her old pupil such an effusion as very nearly severed their long friendship for ever. But the letter came to Celia on the day when she first ventured to write to Anthony telling him that she was under instruction, and she could not find it in her heart to resent anything, or indeed remember anyone on earth but him. He was in Paris, busy arranging an exhibition of his portraits, but he answered by arriving in London next day. Every word in which she had planned to repeat her news fled at the first sight of him, and she could only look dumbly into his face. Joy at not seeing in it the look of care which she had so long eagerly watched and misinterpreted, overpowered even the happiness of reunion, and for the first time all her haunting fears were laid to rest.

"You know I must go back to-morrow," he said at last, "perhaps you think I ought to stay by you in all your doubts and perplexities, but my prayers and thoughts are with you, and they are better than I."

"All our life we can think the same thoughts now," said Celia, unconsciously phrasing the goal of her endeavours.

By degrees she was able to tell him something of the history of the past weeks; now and again he started to find how absolutely he himself and the overpowering wish to make him happy were the ultimate goal and mainspring of all Celia's actions, but what man in love will check a woman for unconsciously shewing him the throne he occupies in her heart? Wareham was experienced enough in problems of the soul, to understand what Celia had hardly stopped to fathom; he saw that faith had really begun to grow side by side with human love, and that once again the miracle had happened, by which God sometimes condescends to win His creatures. This time the ladder, which St. Ignatius says is made of created things by which to reach the Uncreated, had been climbed by a woman's eager feet, and though it had at first been rooted in her own undisciplined love, it had none the less led her up among the stars. Wareham could say little that seemed adequate; it was one of his charms that gratitude for any joy always manifested itself by bubbling lightheartedness, and before long his first awestruck gratitude had given way to sheer high spirits. While Celia was still physically shaken by the storm that had passed through her soul, he was kneeling down by Kuro's wadded basket and telling him in a voice that was hardly steady from recent emotion, that the little dog should be a page at the wedding. He smoked three cigarettes in succession, and with that hunger sent by wise mother nature to counterbalance and soothe the great emotions, ate the entire contents of a plate of sweet cakes standing on a side table beside the syphon and decanter which no self-respecting parlourmaid omits when male visitors are expected after dinner. But Anthony rarely needed to flog his energies with any artificial aids; his buoyancy and wholesomeness seemed to have been sent him, with his genius, as gifts to some happy child on a perpetual birthday. The first great trouble of his life had been the anxiety just ended, and Celia, as she watched him in his reaction, realized more than ever what it had been. She understood now that if even her fears of his constancy were unfounded, the mere pressure of any care would have gone far to poison life for the man who had been so immune from sorrow. As he sat in his favourite chair, its cushion-cover rumpled and untidy, as he always left it after passing like a cyclone through the neat spinsterly drawing-room, Celia felt the faint stirrings of a half maternal compassion for ever

having disturbed the course of such a radiant existence. Already her love was tempered by a feeling outside its first imperious claims, and she could spare a thought at last for her own hopes and fears. Till now love had seemed utterly and solely an awakening from stagnation, and she had so feverishly clung to her departing youth for Anthony's sake, that there had been no room in her heart to think of him except as the one boon which relenting Fate had accorded her. Of himself as able to suffer anxiety, and deserving at her hands some service of love, she had never even thought. The act of submission which she had so recklessly resolved on, she now saw more clearly than ever to have been one more mad expedient to bind him to her; its consequence had been blessed in a way which even yet she had not realized, but she knew it had not been contemplated only to save him from suffering. One of the first real prayers which she had ever formulated since she had reached the stage when such things became realities, rose in her heart as she looked at him. They had come into each other's lives each bearing an offering: Anthony's hand had held the keys of the unknown, and hers had only carried a poor human heart. But as in love all is an exchange, which leaves the givers rich, she had received more than mortal gifts, and he the one thing he had lacked. When later she was allowed to set the holy seal on her new life, she had already learned to feel that even Anthony could add nothing to that hour; and though the kind and human-hearted little priest begged her to let her lover share the Feast with her, it was alone that she passed from dreams and shadows into reality. *Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem*, was the inscription in the shabby little prayer-book which her lover sent her because it had been his own, and underneath she wrote, "For ever."

The summer was now over, and in the emptiness of September Celia had been able to escape visitors and comments. Only two or three months would elapse before her marriage, and she decided to go away and pay country visits until it was time to come back and make the necessary preparations for the wedding. Any more solitude would only be unnerving.

Anthony had not been able to evade some business in Vienna connected with one of his portraits, which had been injured in a fire. The owner naturally would not let anyone else touch it, and Wareham had consented to go over now

rather than cut short his honeymoon, or leave Celia directly they were settled in their new home. So one bright September morning Miss Glendale left the flat for the first time since she came back from Hampshire, taking Mélanie, who had lately assumed great airs of superiority on the strength of knowing her way to Catholic churches in London better than her mistress who was born there, and Kuro, who had at last convinced that damsel that he was not in a chronic state of hydrophobia. Mr. Masters, in charge of the motor, considered that in view of approaching events his reputation both as prophet and man of the world was firmly established, and was therefore slightly haughty with cook at parting. The self-respecting parlour-maid absorbed herself in covering furniture and pictures; she was not quite easy in her mind, and felt that at any moment she might be enmeshed in the toils of Rome. The piano-tuner calling unexpectedly one day, and becoming slightly confused in manner at the unexpected sight of the piano swathed in a checked dust sheet, was immediately suspected of being what Miss Monkinstall would call an "emissary," and promptly shown the door. Had he not been recognized by the cockatoo, who rent the air with shrieks representing the high A being screwed up to concert pitch, the parlour-maid and cook would have asked the Rev. Robert Weybridge to warn the parish against a young man in a neat grey frock coat and bowler hat, carrying a brown bag.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE pleasant autumn air, and the sight of green hedges and lanes, brought to Celia a sensation almost of physical convalescence which was quite as present to her as that other deeper peace behind. Looking back over the past twelve months with eyes for the first time not strained to the unattainable, she was conscious of a dim wonder that she had not died. Though still vibrating with all the new life that had resuscitated her, she was beginning to be conscious of a slight feeling of lassitude, and by some strange contradiction, she felt for the first time that her youth had absolutely departed. It was not the old stagnation, but a kind of tranquil powerlessness; the strong currents that had swept her soul had left her calm and humble, only wanting rest. Anthony's letters, full of fresh hopes, breathing his strong personality

and his untamable, victorious youth, revived her, as they came, like some keen mountain air, but in the intervals between them she flagged, and her longing to be near him was almost the craving of a sick woman for the healer who brings her life and health in his very garments. She stayed with different friends, trying to choose in each house the social atmosphere most full of wholesome contrast to herself, making a mental background of those thoughts which alone brought peace. In those weeks Celia laid deep foundations in her soul, and many things were made clear to her. Old memories of childish days returned, and her unhappy girlhood unrolled itself before her eyes, its repinings consoled at last. Her father's wasted life, a dreary alternation of folly, ill-health and angry helplessness, no longer looked only a mere record of endurance borne by his daughter, she saw how dearly he had paid for all, and with gentler thought than she had ever had of him before, shed perhaps the first tears of anything but anger that he had drawn from her eyes. Every problem seemed solved, every riddle answered; her heart expanded with pity for the sorrows of the whole world. Carefully, with peaceful patience, she succeeded in freeing her mind from turmoil of the imagination, *la folle du logis*, and discovered that the result of this process was not the least of her new blessings. In some way she seemed to stand outside herself, and see at last how Anthony, by the alchemy of love, had transformed the wilderness until it blossomed like a rose. With the naïveté never absent from women in love with men younger than themselves, she had, of course, endowed him with qualities even higher than he possessed; indeed he was the first to laugh at her surprise when she discovered any human weakness in him. But even this tender travesty of the bitterer disillusion in store for most victims of irresistible impulse, had served a noble end; no human being dowered with less perfection than her lover had worn in Celia's dazzled eyes would have called out the powers of her will, and helped to set her feet upon the straight and narrow way. No tangible future seemed present to her; Wareham's mission in her life was so clear that even the tie of marriage would not make him more absolutely than he was, the answer to the pathetic riddle of her life. A great thinker has said that when we deck those we love in those radiant plumes which we called borrowed, some day a greater Love than ours will make that raiment theirs for ever. In years

to come, when Celia had learned all that life had still to teach her, she remembered this, and looked at last upon her year of love as the gracious snare which Heaven had set to catch her soul. *Anima nostra sicut passer erepta est, laqueus contritus est, et nos liberati sumus*, says the Book, and when the snare is broken, the bird can fly Home on unimpeded wing.

Winter had now nearly come, and all the preparations for the marriage were well in hand. On his return from Vienna, Wareham, who could never be half-hearted in anything, plunged joyfully into long consultations about furniture, and, with the double authority of a future husband and a great painter, superintended even the choice of Miss Glendale's trousseau. Celia, who had never before trusted anyone to choose a ribbon for her, used to sit in serene content, a lay figure for all the draperies and laces which Anthony was never tired of holding up against her, only meekly protesting when some more than usually audacious colour-scheme clashed with the faint, but ever more defined air of coming middle-age, which was beginning to settle on her. One of his experiments was to make her alter the way in which she wore her hair, but the result was not successful; the glittering threads on her temples looked much more conspicuous among her black waves, and the general effect was incongruous.

"I am afraid, dear, you won't make a second reputation as a hair-dresser," she said, with a good-natured laugh, and poor Monkinstall, who was then living in the flat, wondered what the circle at the "Trevor" would have thought of a lady sitting in her own drawing-room with hair streaming over the back of her chair, in the presence of a gentleman. The ancient lady had repented in tears of her cruel letter, cruel as only blows from such unthinking hands can be, and to her own unutterable content was installed at last as a chaperon. Celia had not been able to think of any better way of making the poor Gitana happy again, and Wareham's robust cheerfulness was quite above being affected by Miss Monkinstall's flow of anecdote, or even by the valuable advice she volunteered on the subject of art. In the intervals of beading a large screen of blue forget-me-nots and white orange-blossom, which was to "grace the nuptials," as she remarked with her most Spanish air, she would put searching questions to Anthony, whom she considered to have much

to learn in the way of placing his brush strokes so as to be invisible.

"Which do you consider the bluer, the Gulf of Genoa, or the Bay of Naples?" she suddenly inquired one day when the forget-me-nots and orange-blossoms were far enough advanced to be neglected for a time. It was always a problem to her why Wareham, usually so polite to her, should have chosen that moment for producing Kuro from under his chair, and burying his face in that long-suffering animal's back. She was not surprised at Celia going into one of her helpless fits of laughter, because from a child she had been subject to them, particularly at moments when nothing, as the governess was apt to remark, "suggested hilarity." The time was not far off when to her such inconsequent laughter would be as wonderful as if the smart glistening forget-me-nots on the banner screen had come to life, and blossomed in the dry winter grass outside.

The days went on, each bringing its tale of presents and letters. Mrs. Temperley and Mrs. Catesby-Durham, in a last despairing effort to make fast the bonds of friendship, united in offering a white enamelled tea-table with copper hinges; the Rev. Robert Weybridge, resolving to be all things to all men, presented a volume of *Lives of the Saints*, from which all allusions to such modern innovations as obedience to the Holy See were carefully expurgated; Lady Edina Bellwether sent a Christian Science Manual entitled *The Myth of Mortality*; Lady Rotherhithe was represented by a very handsome enamelled pendant set in moonstones; the Wybrows and Simon Mosehurst added earrings and necklace to match it, and Ambrose Clements despatched a cheque, being at that time too busy pulverizing a youthful critic who had pitted his lance against the greater champion, to enter a shop. When Anthony brought Celia his own gift of pearls, and clasped the necklace round her throat, one of his rare moods of gravity fell upon him. "Celia," he said suddenly, "there are no clouds between us now, and so I can ask you anything. Have you ever thought that we ought to make some thank-offering for our happiness? Gifts are given to celebrate all the great earthly boons, will you not make some sacrifice for this wonderful joy that has come upon us both?"

She turned quickly. "Sacrifice, there is no sacrifice," she said, "that I could make worthy of that. Our whole lives will be the gift that we shall make."

He still stood silent. With her old impulse of stopping any look of care in his face directly it appeared, she went on speaking hurriedly: "Do you mean things like giving money to the poor? Of course, I have done that, and I always shall, or giving away something precious to me? Of course, of course, I will do anything you say. . . ."

He looked at her still in silence. "No," he said at last, "I only wanted to remind you that the sacrifice of giving is made in the heart. If you feel that there is nothing that you would grudge to God, the gift is made." With that his mood appeared to change, and they spoke of other things.

They were to spend the winter honeymoon in Paris, but Celia had begged to go for a few days to Hampshire where they had first met, and Simon Mosehurst, with that strange vein of sentiment which sometimes appeared in him, confirming his friends' opinion that he must have Italian blood, rented the little house near Poole for one week from the owner at a fabulous price, and sent the agreement in a box of flowers to Miss Glendale on the eve of her wedding. Lady Rotherhithe was relieved to find that Celia did not intend to wear a veil, and little Rosamund Wybrow, who helped the bride to put on her ermine coat and white plumed hat, had declared with tears that nothing had been seen so perfect, since Regina Kingdon in *The Palace of Joy*. Miss Monkinstall's was the last face that Celia saw at the motor window; the poor Gitana had celebrated the occasion by putting a colour on her cheeks even more improbable than her teeth, but very real tears washed it away, as she murmured incoherent wishes and words of good speed. The last of Kuro was his agonized struggle in the self-respecting parlour-maid's arms, in a frenzied effort to eat his white satin bow.

Winter had come kindly to the fragrant Hampshire pine woods, and there was less difference than would have been apparent anywhere else, between the little garden as Celia and Anthony saw it after the wedding, and as it had looked on the afternoon when he had carried the lantern through the September twilight. The little drawing-room had a familiar air of welcome, the furniture was all in the same places, and the little piano decorated with a great jug of coloured leaves. The sea moaned faintly in the distance; it was audible now that all the trees but pines had shed their leaves, as the only interruption of the universal silence. The days were short, and when Anthony and Celia had walked,

or motored into Boscombe, or Bournemouth and back, darkness fell and made the little house a nest of warmth and comfort. Wareham discovered that horses could be hired near by, and would gallop for miles in the aromatic night air; Celia sitting by the fire to listen for the sound of his coming. She learned in those few days to distinguish the sound of horses' hoofs from any other on earth. Wareham would whistle in the darkness a few yards away, so that she would not even waste her hearing on any one but him; and when one night Celia failed to hear the signal a sudden sense of calamity overtook her. She went into the little porch, and looked out at the dark garden, where the tall firs stood up in a ragged black line against the moonlight. She took down her motor cloak from its peg, and wrapping the hood over her head, walked down the road to where a little group of cottages clustered together, among them the one village shop and Post Office. She could see through the lighted windows a knot of men leaning over the counter and buying tobacco; the post-mistress, a pretty girl with fair hair puffed out over a frame round her head, was talking breathlessly to her customers. As Celia passed, the door swung open, and she caught a word which she seemed to have been waiting to hear. She went in, and the lane of men parted to let her go up to the counter. The pretty post-mistress faced her, without recognizing the muffled figure whom she had only seen by daylight in all the bravery of trousseau clothes. Celia opened her dry lips, but the girl forestalled her.

"We got the news before any one," she said importantly, "because father has the only other telephone here, and the Bournemouth Hospital asked us to ring up London and tell one of the lady's friends there, while they bring him home. They found addresses and that, on him, and father's ringing up the cottage now."

The telephone shrilled through the little shop and the girl ran to the wall. . . . "Yes, yes, tell the lady first that he's ill, but you must be quick before they get here. . . . Yes Mr. Wareham of London, his horse threw him an hour ago and he died directly."

THE END.

LILIAN MARION LEGGATT.

Miscellanea.

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

The Society of St. Willibrord.

THE Society of St. Willibrord was formed a decade or so ago to be the medium by which closer intercommunion between the Old Catholics and the Church of England might be brought about. It had, at its inception, the late Anglican Bishop of Gibraltar for its President, and claimed for its Vice-Presidents several Anglican Bishops, territorial or otherwise, together with some Jansenist Bishops of Holland, and Bishop Mathew (whom the Jansenist Bishops of Holland had consecrated to be the representative of their Church in this country). This latter, if we recollect rightly, was obliged by the General Secretary of the Society, the Rev. G. E. Barber, with the loan of his church as a sort of pro-cathedral, and the report of a ceremony held there for the installation of Canons afforded much delectation to the readers of religious papers. Bishop Mathew's connection with the Society did not last long; apparently he put on the pace too vigorously for his colleagues, and, at the annual meeting of the Society of St. Willibrord the other day, the Bishop of Haarlem declared most emphatically that he had no longer any connection with the Jansenist Church of Holland. His movement has passed away as abruptly as it began, before the 120 (or was it 180) of our Catholic priests, who were announced as about to join it, had even time to disclose themselves—if indeed they ever existed.

Still it must have been a blow to the Society of St. Willibrord to have got entangled in this disastrous episode, and they are to be congratulated on having so far recovered from the shock as to be able to hold their meeting on November 14 at St. Mary's, Charing Cross, graced by the presence not only of the Anglican Bishops Powell, late of Mashonaland, Bury of (or, to be accurate, "for ") Northern

and Central Europe (stupendous charge!), and Perrin of Willesden, but of a real live Bishop with indisputable Orders, to wit, the Jansenist Bishop Prins of Haarlem. Copes and chasubles and mitres were much in evidence at the service; there was "a unique procession in which all the Bishops assisted," and the Rev. F. W. Puller, by way of a sermon, gave a history of the ancient [Jansenist] Church of Holland. St. Willibrord of Northumbria was the Apostle of Holland in the eighth century, and the founder of the See of Utrecht, round which a flourishing Church grew up, until, with the advent of the Reformation, it was laid low by the persecutions of the Calvinistic Government. A hierarchy being for the time impossible the charge of such Catholics as remained faithful was confided by the Holy See to the care of a line of Vicars-Apostolic. Towards the end of the seventeenth century some of the leading French Jansenists, Antoine Arnauld, Petitpied, Nicole, Quesnel, fled for refuge to Holland, and were favourably received by the Vicar-Apostolic of the time. This was Bishop van Neercastel, a man whose own sympathies were with their heresy, and who, like them, sought to avoid the consequences of the Papal condemnation by resorting to the disingenuous distinction between what were then called the *quæstio juris* and the *quæstio facti*. Van Neercastel himself never openly broke with the Holy See, but his successor Codde was after a short interval suspended; not, as Mr. Puller suggests, "without reason stated," but because he refused to subscribe the formula drawn up by Alexander VII. to checkmate those who sought to quibble over the above-mentioned distinction. The line of Catholic Vicars-Apostolic then lapsed till towards the middle of the last century when, after a restoration of twenty years endurance, it gave place in 1853 to a fresh hierarchy.

Meanwhile the Jansenists in 1723 elected Cornelius Steenoven for their Archbishop of Utrecht, and he, not "rightly and canonically," as Mr. Puller asserts, but most uncanonically and sacrilegiously, was consecrated by a wandering Bishop, named Varlet, himself at the time under sentence of suspension and excommunication. It was thus that the schismatic Jansenistic Church, of which Bishop Prins is a prelate, came into being. According to Mr. Puller, in 1614 under Rovenius, the immediate predecessor of van Neercastel, the Catholic body, out of which the new schism was to gather its adherents, numbered some 300,000 members. If so, it is

the more remarkable that at present this diminutive schismatic Church, though it has provided itself with three Bishoprics, is estimated to have only about 6,000 members. And this is all that is left of the powerful Jansenistic party which bulked so largely in French religious history, and, through its association with the *Parlementaire* families, contrived to persecute so bitterly those who opposed its views. But Mr. Puller was dexterous in setting forth his case at its best, or even beyond its best, and claimed for this little Church that it had consecrated Bishop Reinkens for Germany, and Bishop Herzog for Switzerland in aid of the so-called Old Catholics in revolt against the Vatican Decrees, and more recently three Bishops for the Mariaviten, a brand-new schism in Poland—he omitted curiously to compliment it on its discernment in consecrating Bishop Mathew. Possibly, by these accessions, not to their own ranks but to those of the allies thus indebted to them, they have augmented their numbers to some 50,000 in all. "And so," he proceeded, "a way has been provided for a purified Catholicism to be established in various parts of Western Christendom, which will, we hope, prove to be an ark of refuge, when, as must in time be the case, the Papacy, as we know it, the Papacy of the Forged Decretals and the Vatican Decrees, and the whole system connected with the Papacy, disappears."

There is much in Mr. Puller's historical survey to which, if it mattered, we should have to take exception. But what interests us in this strange celebration is its bearing on the general subject of reunion. Our disposition is to welcome any movement which has its source in the growing consciousness that all these religious divisions are a fearful scandal; even if the immediate projects in which such movements express themselves be hopeless, it is something that the underlying consciousness should be kept alive and fostered. Still we would put it to the well-meaning among the members of this Society of St. Willibrord, What can be the possible use of this project which they have taken in hand? Every social unity is such through the submission of its members to the authority set over them, whether by themselves, or from above. As long and as far as they submit to it they remain one, in proportion as they revolt against it they become divided. The principle of social unity, in other words, whether it be social, political, or religious, is submission to authority, the principle of division is revolt against authority. Yet what common

element is there between Anglicans, Jansenists, and Old Catholics, save the negative element of revolt against the authority of the Holy See? If they are not prepared to submit to the Holy See, let them at least set to work to devise some other authority to which they are prepared to submit—they, and with them, the rest of the Christian world. If there is some such authority with better guarantees of divine appointment and divine guidance, let them direct us to it. If not, let them confess that for them religious unity is a chimera.

S. F. S.

A Memorial of the First Jubilee.

Although some curious vague fore-shadowings of a special Jubilee of remissions seem to be found already in the thirteenth century (see *The Catholic Encyclopædia* s.v. "Jubilee"), still there can be little doubt that what we now call a Jubilee Indulgence was proclaimed to the world at large for the first time by Pope Boniface VIII. in the year 1300. A quaint and rather out-of-the-way memorial of the event, which, so far as we know, has not been noticed in any of the books specially dealing with this subject, is to be found in the inscription upon a tomb in the parish church of Argelers, a hamlet some eleven miles south-east of Perpignan in Rousillon, on the borders of France and Spain. The rude Latin verses of which it is composed run as follows:—

Ossa B. Scuderii sunt hic tumulata.
 Atque More coniugis, que sic est vocata.
 Ambo Roma venerant, secum reportata
 Pene culpa venia post lapsa peccata.
 Quarto Januarii idus obit ille,
 Annis Christi profluis tercentis et mille;
 Mox post dies quindecim transit more stille
 Uxor facta cineri compar vel faville.
 Lector, frater, pro his *Pater*
Noster dic suppliciter,
 Ter vel quater Dei Mater
 Salutetur pariter.

It may perhaps be advisable to append a translation:—

The bones of B. Scuderius are entombed here, and also those of his wife Mora, who was called by that name. Both of them had come from Rome bringing with them a pardon from penalty

and guilt after the sins into which they had fallen. He died on the 10th of January, in the year of Christ one thousand three hundred, and soon, a fortnight afterwards, the wife passes away as a drop of water, being made like to ashes or a little dust.

Reader and brother, say for them the Our Father in suppliant wise and three or four times in like manner salute the Mother of God.

Two points seem to call for a word of comment. The printed copy which we have seen gives in the fourth line *pene culpa venia*; but what was intended was presumably *pene et culpe venia*, and the phrase is noticeable as an early instance of the use of the term *pœna et culpa* in connection with a jubilee indulgence. The point of this expression is that in a jubilee two things were (and are) conceded, viz., first, permission to choose a confessor to whom all faculties are granted to release from every kind of guilt, and secondly, an entire remission of the temporal punishment or in other words a plenary indulgence. The other matter inviting comment is the date. One would at first sight suppose that husband and wife had both died in the January of A.D. 1300, and it might reasonably be objected that they could not have made their way to Rome and back in so short a space of time after the proclaiming of the Jubilee. But the inscription no doubt follows the practice of a calendar which began the year with the 25th of March, like the "Old Style" so long prevalent in England. January 10, 1300, therefore means January 10, 1301. The fact that the period appointed for the Constantinian Jubilee has not yet expired may give a certain interest to these details at the present time.

H. T.

On Translating Scripture.

Translation has been well compared to pouring a liquid from one vessel into another. If the transfer is to be perfect the whole contents without the loss of a single drop should be lodged in the second receptacle. This is generally possible with liquids, but the volatile thought which a set of words contains is often itself so inadequately held that the process of casting it into a foreign form must be attended with loss. Moreover, every language is enriched with a number of synonymous phrases, providing a number of different ways of saying the same thing. And words themselves take colour

from their context, or are blurred in their outlines or become susceptible through constant use of different shades of meaning. All this tends to make translation a difficult art, especially when the thoughts to be reproduced are themselves highly abstract or their expression involved. A school-boy can give a fairly accurate rendering of Cæsar: it requires a maturer mind to make Aristotle perspicuous. The translator, in any case, should have a nice sense of the value of words, not only of their proper value but of their acceptance in popular currency. When the youthful Ruskin poetically said to his throbbing heart, "Peace, little bounder, peace!" he could not have guessed that the evolution of slang would in time give his apostrophe a comic cast.

The ordinary difficulties of translation are enhanced when one approaches Sacred Scripture. In the nature of things the translator is an interpreter: he aims at reproducing what his author means rather than what he says. But it is not always evident what the inspired author means. A great deal of knowledge besides that which is linguistic is needed for a correct interpretation, knowledge of the mental habits of the writer, and of his object in writing, of the character of those he writes for, of the spirit of their age and locality, of their common presuppositions, of the traditional meaning attached to the passage. One may take an epistle of St. Paul, and a "Liddell and Scott," and produce a rendering which the Greek words taken individually may bear, but which in effect makes utter nonsense. Fanatical literalists have done so from time to time, and the Douay translators, following a mistaken theory, have occasionally incurred the same reproach.¹

The difficulty arises mainly when the written word is obscure or ambiguous, bears no clear meaning or has several possible senses. The translator must choose, and both knowledge and thought must precede the choice. Thus it is that the Church, whilst examining and approving in the ordinary

¹ A well-known passage from the Second Corinthians will illustrate this defect:

Whereas then I was thus minded, did I use lightness? Or the things that I mind, do I mind according to the flesh, that there be with me *It is* and *It is not*? But God is faithful because our preaching which was to you, there is not in it *It is* and *It is not*: for the Son of God, Jesus Christ, who by us was preached among you, by me and Silvanus and Timothy, was not *It is* and *It is not*, but *It is* was in Him: for all the promises of God that are in Him *It is*. (2 Cor. i. 17—20).

fashion, does not guarantee any vernacular translation as correct in every particular, and contents herself with certifying that the Vulgate, her Authorized Version, is free from dogmatic error. It is then the duty of the translator to give the meaning which he thinks that the words really bear, whilst putting important alternative renderings in a foot-note.¹ The chief danger he has to avoid is that of paraphrasing, viz., abandoning the form of words used by his author for some more or less loosely equivalent form in the language of the version. The school-boy is encouraged to paraphrase; he is taught to seize the meaning of the writer and to see in how many different ways it may be expressed in his own tongue. Thus he acquires the command of language which the exercise is intended to convey. But Scripture translation should rarely be a paraphrase. If the form of words used by the author gives an intelligible meaning, also idiomatic, when translated literally, the translator is not warranted in choosing another form. Some random examples may make my meaning clearer.

<i>Original.</i>	<i>Translation.</i>	<i>Paraphrase.</i>
Ne forte in vacuum currerem (Gal. ii. 2).	lest perhaps I should run in vain	to avoid taking a wrong course
Qui enim mortuus est justificatus est a peccato (Rom. vi. 7).	For he who is dead is acquitted of sin	For dead men do no wrong
Non acquievi carni et sanguini (Gal. i. 16).	I did not consult flesh and blood	I took not counsel with any human being
Conversatio (passim)	Conversation	Manner of life
Numquid secundum hominem hæc dico? (I Cor. ix. 8).	Am I saying these things as a [mere] man [would]?	Am I making use of merely worldly illustrations?
Scientia inflat; caritas vero ædificat (I Cor. viii. 1).	Knowledge puffeth up; but charity edifieth	Knowledge makes men conceited: it is love that builds us up
Quæ cogito secundum carnem cogito ut sit apud me Est et Non? (II Cor. i. 17).	Do I plan what I plan according to the flesh so that I have power [to decide] Yes or No?	Are my projects formed on mere impulses, vacillating between Yes and No?

¹ Protestant prejudice has always translated ἀδελφὴν γυναῖκα (sister-woman in I Cor. ix. 5 by "a woman (as) a wife," without admitting that the more literal rendering is possibly as correct.

The reason why paraphrase should be avoided when possible in translating Scripture is precisely because of the greater danger thereby incurred of modifying the meaning. Once a man takes to translating an author's *thoughts* he is apt to lose the check imposed by his *words*, and to render, not what the author certainly said, but what he may possibly have meant.

The first requisite, therefore, in Scripture translation is intelligibility and the second accuracy or fidelity to the original. Style must come third and must be conditioned by attention to the first two demands. What is at least impertinent in the case of a version of a profane author, viz., the attempt to make good his defects of style, merits much stronger condemnation when an inspired writer is in question. We could all of us give St. Paul lessons in the balance of phrases and cadence of sentences. His letters were often dictated and perhaps only hurriedly revised; style was the last thing to occupy his thoughts. But the pursuit of intelligibility itself tends to remove uncouthness. Long involved periods have to be broken up to suit the English idiom, and a word or two inserted in brackets often helps both meaning and harmony.

The bearing of all which remarks lies in their application to the new "Westminster Version."

J. K.

Cardinal Langton, Theologian.

We are accustomed to think of Cardinal Stephen Langton as primarily and before all else a statesman with high patriotic aims; but, as was recently pointed out in these pages, he was that and a great deal more. If we in England are indebted to Langton for the great charter of our liberties, the whole body of Christians, Catholics and Protestants alike, have to thank him for the division of the Bible into chapters and in large measure for the survival of that persistent interest in biblical studies which led up to the textual criticism of later times. To him again the Catholic Church probably owes the "Golden Sequence," i.e., the *Veni sancte Spiritus*, and, it may be, other liturgical compositions as well, but what we desire for the moment to commemorate here is Langton's influence in the

domain of scholastic theology, which has long been undeservedly overlooked. Strange to say, it is not in England or by means of English manuscripts that the Cardinal's importance as a theologian has come to be recognized of recent years, and this very fact that in Paris and at Bamberg, not to speak of many other continental libraries, codices of his *Summa Theologiae* are to be found, constitutes a noteworthy tribute to his former reputation as a teacher. Be this as it may, not only has Dr. M. Grabmann directed attention to Langton's work in his *Geschichte der scholastischen Methode* (Vol. II., pp. 497-501, Freiburg, 1911), but Fr. J. de Ghellinck in *Recherches de science religieuse* (1913, pp. 255-262), Fr. P. Schmoll in his *Busslehre der Frühscholastik* (Munich 1909), and lastly Professor Gillmann in the *Katholik* (Mainz, 1913, May and July) have all occupied themselves with various details of the great Cardinal's theological opinions. In illustration of this we may refer to the more recent article of the last-named writer in which he discusses Langton's attitude towards the well-known mediæval controversy regarding the possibility of confession to a layman. On the basis of four separate passages in the English Cardinal's *Summa Theologiae*, Dr. Gillmann has no difficulty in showing that Langton shared the opinion of most of his contemporaries that in the absence of a priest, it was highly desirable, if not necessary, to confess one's sins to a deacon, or a clerk in minor orders, or even to a layman. It was not that any sacramental power of forgiving sins was attributed to any of these, but the penitent was regarded as rendering himself more worthy of pardon by his desire to have access to a priest. Not unnaturally it was held that he could not more efficaciously prove that desire than by making the humble acknowledgment of his guilt in detail to some fellow-man, for in this way the sinner gave an earnest of his readiness to make proper confession to God's appointed minister when opportunity offered and showed his willingness to abide by the judgment to be passed on him.

H. T.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

**Socialism
versus
Christianity.**

IT was to be expected that the action of the Dublin clergy in organizing resistance to the scheme for deporting the children of the strikers would excite the anger of those whose plans were thereby foiled. The English or Scotch traveller Campbell, who complained in 1778 that the "bigotry" of the Southern Irish was such that "nothing but absolute want could prevail upon them to suffer their children to receive an education [in the infamous 'Charter Schools'] which, as they conceive, endangers their salvation," found many to echo his complaint amongst the motley crowd of atheists and Socialists who assembled in London under the auspices of the *Daily Herald* on November 1st to demand the release of Larkin. The abuse of the clergy uttered by these speakers was proof of the fundamental antagonism between the Socialist and the Christian ideals, and the whole episode has served to bring into glorious relief the fact that there still exists an entire community which sets spiritual welfare above bodily.

**The Charities
of
Dublin.**

To the charge that the citizens of Dublin would neither succour their own destitute nor allow others to help them no one familiar with that city can fail to see the wholly sufficient answer. There is no community in the world in whose midst the works of mercy are more thoroughly practised. Here the Catholic faith blossoms out into every form of philanthropic endeavour — hospitals, asylums, orphanages, refuges, industrial schools—which forms the life-work of many hundreds of devoted men and women. According to an authoritative statement of the Archbishop of Dublin nearly 1,300 poor children have been fed every day in three of the city parishes for many years past, a number which the present troubles have increased to 2,500, and which is proportionately great in the other parochial districts. In the same way a great many of these waifs have been kept in clothes: in fact, circumstances have forced upon the clergy and religious of the city the tasks of the relieving officer. It is not the work for which they were primarily instituted, still they have nobly undertaken it in addition to their other duties. And yet they are reviled by idle "humanitarians" in London.

**Un-Christian
Commercialism.**

Yet all these charitable efforts, these years of labour for the poor and the outcast, have not availed to stem the tide of destitution which takes its rise, not from this or that labour-dispute, but from the un-Christian organization of the industrial

world—the sweated wage and all its brood of evils. And this again is tolerated and come to be accepted as inevitable because of the ignorance and apathy of the body social and the spread of rampant individualism. We do not wish to pronounce upon the merits of the Dublin disputes: a right decision can be arrived at only when the facts are known, and the facts are not to be learnt from the English press. But the phenomenon is general. Wherever the honest worker is not given and guaranteed, from one source or another, a decent livelihood, there is something wrong with society, and every member of society, not the sufferers alone, should be keen to set it right. In the ignorance of numbers of the well-to-do of their social obligations, in their refusal to recognize facts, especially the fact that their wealth is a trust not an absolute possession, in their easy acquiescence in the degradation of hosts of their fellow-citizens, there lies more danger in social order than in the zeal of the *doctrinaire* socialist or the violence of his dupes. Dublin is indeed at present in the lime-light, and we can only pray that the illumination may avail to direct the energies of its citizens into those channels of social reform¹ which lead to the safety of the State and the welfare of the Church.

The Sympathetic Strike.

Attempts have been made to justify the Sympathetic Strike on the grounds of the Solidarity of Labour. The working class, it is argued, forms one whole having one common object, viz., the securing of reasonable conditions of livelihood. It is therefore to its credit if the whole body resents an injury to any part of it. To refuse to handle the goods of a firm which treats its workmen unfairly—a variety of the Sympathetic Strike—is nothing more, so it is urged, than to refuse to be party to injustice, and may even be a moral duty. "Who is scandalized," cries St. Paul, "and I am not on fire?" The true Christian's zeal for justice is, in fact, so universal that he hates injustice wherever found. Not only the workfolk concerned but all citizens should combine to boycott the proceeds of sweating and injustice.

There is so much that is plausible in this plea that the fact of the Sympathetic Strike being denounced, not only by capitalists but also by responsible labour-leaders, tends to show that the assumption on which it is based is not verified. There is no solidarity of labour in the sense that the unions represent all the working classes, or that the unions are united amongst themselves. Still less is there yet any general solidarity amongst employers, although a United Kingdom Employers' Defence Union

¹ One item will perhaps help to indicate the chaotic economic conditions of the country. To send one ton of eggs to London from Normandy costs 16s., from Siberia 24s., but from Galway 94s. 6d.!

is in process of formation. If some such solidarity (not desirable in itself as dividing Society into two distinct and opposed camps but preferable to the present sporadic warfare) were actually achieved on both sides, then all contracts between the parties would be conditioned by the knowledge of it. They would be governed by the understanding that the whole of organized Labour and the whole of organized Capital were involved in their fulfilment, and thus the good workman and the fair employer could then with some show of justice be made to suffer for the misdeeds of members of their respective classes. And then, to be sure, we should have the Sympathetic Lock-out as well as the Sympathetic Strike, and the miners in Durham would be penalized because of the quarrels of the miners of Cornwall. But apart from such federation of interests and responsibilities the Sympathetic Strike is essentially unjust and cannot be condoned, however good its object.

**The Employers'
Defence
Union.**

The pity of it is that appeals to force rather than to law and conscience should continue to mark domestic industrial relations, as well as those which are international. No State can be really strong and prosperous until all its constituent parts learn that the good of the whole should always limit and direct the individual pursuit of personal interest. Whatever private advantage is thus sacrificed is more than made up for by the general welfare, for, normally speaking, man finds his full development only in society. Hence the strife of class with class within the same State indicates that selfish interests are being pursued on one side or on both. Whatever accentuates class divisions and obscures the common well-being is always to be deprecated, and for this reason the formation of an Employers' Defence Union in the United Kingdom will do little, we fear, to bring about peace. On this subject *The Times*¹, not usually among the democratic prophets, has some grave words of warning. After praising the objects of the Union—to secure the inviolability of formal contracts—the leading article proceeds:

We have grave doubts, however, as to whether the Employers' Union are setting about the accomplishment of their wholly desirable object in the right way. The very formation of their combination seems to be based on the false idea that antagonism between capital and labour is a necessary basis of industrial life. Fifty millions [their guarantee fund] compared with the thousands of millions represented by the capital employed in the trade of the United Kingdom, is relatively a trifling sum. It will not appear trifling to

¹ Sept. 25th, 1913.

the men belonging to the bodies in conflict with which it is to be employed, in case of need. They will look upon it, with considerable justification, as the war-chest of their employers. It will be execrated by many of them as a fund raised by the wealthy with the specific object of crushing the poor: it will be represented as the bulwark of tyranny and oppression. That will be the view held by hundreds of thousands of working-men. . . . The name of the United Kingdom Employers' Defence Union . . . can hardly fail to have an irritating effect, and to aggravate instead of helping to allay the fever of industrial unrest. Not in strife, or the appearance of strife, but in mutual co-operation lies the best hope of the establishment of right relations between capital and labour.

More than that is needed, nothing less than a return of the public conscience to a recognition of the fact that no industrial system is tolerable which is largely built upon greed and injustice and under which no small proportion of the working-classes is deprived of that measure of liberty, education, food, shelter, recreation and property which is necessary for proper human development. It is not easy for the leisured and cultivated classes to realize that a system, which leaves them notwithstanding unhurt, is grievously imperfect. They are not beneath the harrow; but they must somehow come to grasp the condition of those who are. Such a revolution of ideas may be necessary to avert a revolution in fact. "Blessed is he who *understandeth* concerning the needy and the poor: in the evil day the Lord shall deliver him."

**The
Coming
Democracy.**

There is the more reason for this "understanding," because the needy and the poor, by grace of our strange so-called democratic system, are already theoretically omnipotent

in the State. Mr. Bonar Law, in a speech at Newcastle on October 31st, showed a clear comprehension of this fact, and, what is more, admitted it. His words are noteworthy:

Ever since 1885 [he said], though it is only during the last few years that they have realized it, the political power has been absolutely in the hands of the working classes—absolutely.

He then proceeded to draw conclusions with which we have nothing to do; it was not seemingly to his purpose to draw this conclusion, viz., that to confer absolute political power on the working-classes, and hope to keep them in economic dependence, is not statesmanship but folly. Unless, therefore, society is prepared to renovate industrial conditions on the basis of justice and make the support of the worker the first charge on the work, the

working-classes will seek their own by other means. On democratic principles as now interpreted we are committed to a further extension of the franchise and to a fuller development of majority rule. The immediate inference is that social reform, thorough, just, practical, should be the immediate concern of all true patriots.

**Consumers'
Leagues.**

As under our system of unregulated competition employers and traders are subject to a strong and constant temptation to secure the power of underselling their rivals by underpaying their employees, one of the most practical kinds of social reform is that advocated by the various *Ligues d'Acheteurs* or Consumers' Leagues at home and abroad. They consist of conscientious people who band themselves together not to countenance injustice by dealing with tradesfolk who sell sweated goods. In other words, they recognize that the buyer, who maintains the demand, shares responsibility for the conditions of production. At the end of last September there was an International Congress at Antwerp of the Leagues of France, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, Spain, and Italy—a gathering which showed that the movement, not yet six years old, is growing greatly in influence. There is nothing as yet quite corresponding to this organization in these islands, although the Anti-Sweating League is working for the same end. But in New York there is a vigorous Consumers' League with branches in many cities, which issues "White Lists" of employers who treat their work-folk humanely. We are told that the label of this League certifies that the goods which carry it have been made in clean and safe factories under good conditions, and by manufacturers who do not employ children or allow unsupervised home-work. The beneficent action of these Leagues extends to those who do not produce but sell the goods—the shop-assistants, often the most sweated of all workers.

There are some who view with alarm this constant interference of voluntary agencies and of the State with the private conduct of individuals. The alarm is natural, but it should rather be concerned with the reason for the interference. The multiplication of human laws directed to the furtherance of justice is evidence of the failing influence of the moral law to promote the same end, in other words, of the decay of practical Christianity.

**After-
Christians.**

The number of those who have formally renounced Christianity and returned to pagan Naturalism may not be increasing, but they are certainly becoming more vociferous. A certain section of the periodical press is always at the disposal of

these "intellectuals," claiming, in virtue of their supposed "freedom of thought," a freedom of action incompatible with the civilization which Christianity founded and still maintains. Not all go the lengths advocated by the immoralist, Nietzsche, but most of them are swine of his herd. Liberty of the Press, and of the Drama, is their watchword, but they have not grasped the truth that Liberty without Law spells Licence. They turn that glorious name to the basest of uses; it is the word, as Ruskin says eloquently,

by which the luxurious mean licence, and the reckless mean change; by which the rogue means rapine, and the fool equality; by which the proud mean anarchy, and the malignant mean violence.¹

It covers the assertion of a crude individualism which denies at once man's duties to his neighbour and his subjection to God.

This spirit finds fitting expression in letters written by Mr. Bernard Shaw to the Bishop of Kensington *apropos* of indecent performances at a certain music-hall. The assumption throughout Mr. Shaw's argument is that there is no objective standard of morality, that the Bishop in calling for censorship was merely trying to enforce his own tastes and convictions on the general public, that, in short, if there were a general demand for indecency, indecency should be freely supplied. The new paganism is even worse than the old, for that retained some faint recognition of the moral law, but this has abolished the law-giver and turned morality into convention. Divorce, free-love, abortion, and suicide are the natural fruits of this attitude, and each finds its advocates amongst the after-Christians. In the *Atlantic Monthly* for September a materialist tries to prove that the burglar is not a criminal. Slavery (for the modern oppression of the poor, as Leo XIII. has pointed out, amounts to nothing less), will come to flourish again in this congenial soil. State-tyranny or "Cæsarism"—are there not signs already of its approach? Deprive this corruptible world of the salt of Christianity, and soon it will relapse into its former corruption.

**The Puritan
and
the Christian.**

Yet the neo-Pagan or after-Christian has this excuse, that it is often not Christianity that he is opposing, but that miserable travesty of a gracious creed called Puritanism. Now, as

in the days of the Stuarts, it is the Puritan who provokes the natural man to the other extreme. To the loving appeal made by the Catholic religion to all that is best in humanity succeeded at the Reformation a medley of creeds, partly antinomian, partly rigoristic, which bewildered the intellect and starved the heart. But Calvin was a greater sinner than Luther, for he blasphemed

¹ *Seven Lamps*: Obedience.

God's mercy and turned the All-loving into a pitiless tyrant. When we read Mr. Gosse's painful autobiography *Father and Son*, or Augustus Hare's *Story of my Life*, we are appalled at the perverted ingenuity which trained children on the harshness and fear of the Old Testament to the total neglect of the loving-kindness of the New. The Puritan is abroad in the sects to-day, and many of our contemporaries know nothing of Christianity save the caricature which he presents of it. The constant efforts of the Church are directed to keep the human spirit in the sane middle path, equally remote from the sensualist who abuses God's creatures and the Puritan who rails against them because of their abuse. The Church is skilled in the psychology of temptation and teaches her children to avoid unnecessary occasions of sin: she abhors the licence of the stage, the grossness of the modern novel, the seduction of drink, the misuse of marriage and all that scandalizes her little ones—the young in years or in virtue. But she recognizes that all these are good things abused: she enjoins moderation on every one, whilst suggesting abstinence only to those who can "take it." And the Puritan, of course, calls her a glutton and a wine-bibber and a friend of publicans and sinners.

The "Spectator"
and
the Jesuits.

The Editor of the *Spectator* does not seem to like the Jesuits "Passion," he says (November 8th), "the life of religion as of art, has been squeezed out of the Jesuits by that terrible steam-roller which they have devised and worship as their system." "The Jesuit failure," he says again, "is a spiritual failure." And the proof? "Go," he says—not to the life of Xavier, not to the Paraguay reductions, not to the martyrs of Japan or North America, not to the theological schools, not to the records of science, not, finally, to the Spiritual Exercises, but—"into any great Jesuit Church such as that in Venice, and look around. The whole vast fabric is in the grip of the worst type of mortmain." We do not quite understand the force of his charge, but it seems a slender foundation on which to condemn a religious body. The Jesuits have never professed to form a school of art: their churches reflect in style the varying tastes and characteristics of the times in which they were built. It is rather sad to find a man who lays down the law week by week *de omni re scibili* to the British world, or to such fragments of it as can find leisure to read him, giving evidence of such ignorant and childish prejudice. The best thing we can wish him is the experience of a week-end retreat at Thornbury. After that, perhaps he might not tempt us so often to recall Mr. Lloyd George's somewhat unfriendly description of him as "a foolish, futile and pretentious person."

**Religion
and
Ulster.**

By this time the most superficial observer of current politics must be convinced that the resistance of North-East Ulster to the idea of Home Rule is mainly inspired by religious motives. The back-bone of that resistance is the Orange Society, and that Society was founded for the express purpose of suppressing Catholicism. The Unionist Nonconformists who assembled on November 6th in London to protest against the measure could apparently find no other reason for their attitude than a craven fear of the Church. It may well be that Ulster Protestants are using this motive as a screen to shroud others less respectable. It is hard to imagine sensible men thinking in the circumstances that there is any real danger of unfair treatment at the hands of a Catholic majority. But it is easy to imagine the heirs of the Protestant tradition of ascendancy resenting the actual loss of their inheritance which must follow the Bill. The answer is, of course, they are losing what they have no right to possess, what they obtained by fraud and held by violence. Prescinding from merely political and economic considerations which we cannot here discuss, the State in taking from the profession of Protestantism in Ireland the unfair advantages which it gained in persecution times is merely performing an act of justice to the rest of the country. Meanwhile, the potential persecution on religious grounds which is held to justify the Protestant revolt may be seen actually in exercise against Catholics wherever Orangeism holds sway in Ulster. Two valuable articles in the November number of the *British Review* may usefully be consulted on this subject.

**"The
Catholic
Library."**

THE MANRESA PRESS announces an important enterprise which will begin with the New Year, viz., the publication of a shilling library of Catholic books, both original and reprinted, which will give to the faithful, and to all those who wish to know the Catholic view, the advantages which the general public receives from such series as *Everyman's Library* and the *People's Books*. An imposing array of contributors, beginning with his Eminence the Cardinal, who has given his approbation to the scheme, is published, which is a guarantee that the fare provided will be good as well as cheap. "The range of the series is to be as wide as the Church herself; nothing that may redound to her honour, or may further the good work that belongs to her mission will be excluded." The Rev. Alban Goodier, of Manresa, is the Editor, and the volumes will be issued fortnightly, beginning with January 1st. Mr. B. Herder, 68, Great Russell Street, W.C., is Trade Agent for the series.

**Souperism,
Ancient
and
Modern.**

A paper in our October issue on the iniquitous practices fostered by Protestant societies in Ireland of trading on the need or cupidity of the Catholic poor to make them deny their faith, has drawn from correspondents some illustrative details which are worth recording. One lady recalls a fixed habit of a cook in her family, who had been a child at the time of the Famine, of never retiring to rest without washing her head. Her reason was that in those terrible days the soupers used to lay their hands caressingly on her head and those of other children to induce them to go to their kitchens, and every night her mother would say: "Come here now, till I wash the touch of the Souper off you." The practice thus became a habit too strong to break, though its motive had long ceased to exist, and it indicates the depth of abhorrence which the perverted zeal of the soul-snatchers excited in the breasts of their victims.

Another correspondent narrates a drama of modern times:

ACT 1. A bad Catholic, who had deserted his wife and wanted to be rid of his children in order to set up another household, applied a year or so ago to have them taken in at a Catholic Home in Liverpool. In the circumstances his application was refused.

ACT 2. A Catholic school teacher crossing to Dublin for his holiday met a man on board who had some children in his charge, and who spoke rather unctuously about the importance of rescue work, &c. As the boat neared the North Wall one of the boys said privately to the teacher: "Dad has sold us to this man—he's a Prodestant." There was just time to get particulars of name, address, &c., before the ship reached the wharf.

ACT 3. The teacher, on landing, wired to the Liverpool Catholic Aid Society, which looked up the father, put before him the enormity of his crime, sent him to Dublin to reclaim the children, and thus had them put safely into a Catholic Home.

The question is—to what extent does this immoral traffic still go on and how can it be prevented? It can only be stopped by stopping the supplies by which the "Birds' Nests" are maintained, and these will continue as long as there are Protestants ready to provoke the sin of apostasy if only they can thus satisfy their hatred of "Rome."

**State
Proselytism
in
Saxony.**

The State in these islands no longer openly proselytizes, although it is far from fully recognizing parental rights in the matter of the children's education. Abroad anti-clericalism is more undisguised and shameless. To say nothing of France,

where the lay-school, professedly neutral in point of religion, is a forcing-house of atheism and immorality, there is an educational system in Saxony which in practice is an active instrument of proselytism. There is a specious air of fairness about it which yet does not conceal its iniquity. By law all children, whether Catholic or Protestant, who are not provided with religious teaching in their own creed must, until they are twelve years old, be instructed in religion although it be not their own. This, of course, is an outrage on the rights of Protestant parents as upon those of Catholics, but, as the Kingdom of Saxony is as overwhelmingly Protestant as England is, the injustice to Catholics is very much greater, for a very large number of Catholic children have no adequate religious training within reach, whereas Protestant schools abound. It will take some time yet to destroy the relics of the Kulturkampf in the German Empire.

Reviews.

I.—THE GREEK SCHISM.¹

A PATHETIC interest attaches to this republication of some lectures originally intended for the Institut Catholique of Paris. The author was one of those zealous Catholics who took seriously to heart the separation from Catholic unity of so many millions of Orientals, in all other respects save this one Catholic in their faith and their mode of living. He had made a careful study of the subject, and had spent some time in the East to familiarize himself with its problems. Unfortunately when the last of the ten lectures still remained to be delivered, death called him away to his reward. Feeling the importance of entire accuracy in such a subject matter, Mgr. Baudrillart, who writes a short Preface, explains that in the loss of the author he had recourse to Père Protin, one of those Augustinians of the Assumption at Constantinople who were close friends of M. Bousquet, and are specially well-informed as to the political and religious situation in the Balkan States. The result is that we have in this little volume, what is much needed in days when this Oriental question is beginning to arouse a more general interest, a concise but trustworthy exposition of the facts which bear on it.

¹ *L'Unité de l'Eglise et le schisme grec.* Par M. l'Abbé Joseph Bousquet. Paris : Gabriel Beauchesne. Pp. iii, 403. Price, 4 fr. 1913.

The first six chapters trace the history of the schism, of its ultimate origin in the persistent endeavours of the Eastern Emperors to dominate the government of the Church and to use the bishops of the imperial city as their instruments for this end, of its consummation through the perverse intrigues of Photius and Michael Cerularius, and of its perpetuation through the bitter animosity of the Easterns towards the Westerns, which the course of centuries has hardened. In chapter VII. the question is raised whether the Popes are in any way to blame for the outbreak of the schism, and this is the chapter to which readers are likely to turn in the first place. Not only the Orientals, but even some Catholics have held the Popes responsible, not, however, on the same grounds. The Orthodox complaint is that the Popes have been animated by ambition in claiming for their See the right of the primacy; and this was the leading charge brought by Patriarch Anthimus VII. in his reply to Leo XIII.'s *Præclara carissimi*. It can, however, be repelled without difficulty by appealing to the many instances of acknowledgment of this right, and of recourse had to it, by Oriental saints, bishops, and councils prior to the schism. The complaint of some Catholics is that the Popes, though right in substance, were unduly haughty in their manner and harsh in the excessive reprimands and invectives in which they indulged. This was urged a year or two since in an article in *Roma et l'Orient*, which the writer's personality caused to be widely spoken of. It was retracted with an edifying promptness of obedience, but the charges remain, especially as the Orientals were quick to make use of them. M. Bousquet therefore makes them the basis of his section on the causes of the schism, examining carefully and with extensive quotations from their letters, as from those they replied to, the cases of St. Nicholas I., St. Leo IX., and Innocent III., the Popes that have been singled out as the chief offenders. Really, when one reads these Papal letters and compares them with those of Photius, Cerularius, and the others, what is most striking is the contrast between the brutal language of those Orientals and the tender, dignified, restrained and charitable language of the Popes.

A final chapter discusses the steps towards reunion which seem most advisable to take. Of course the chief obstacle to overcome is the hostile feeling of the Orientals, which, outside Poland at all events, has no counterpart in the West. But that must be a work of time. As regards method, the Latinization

of converts from Orthodoxy to Catholicism, that is the admission of such converts to the Roman rite, is forbidden by the Holy See, for excellent reasons. The fostering of Uniat Churches differing in no respects from the corresponding Schismatic Churches, is the method on which we have to rely, and though, comparatively, these Uniat Churches have few adherents, they are becoming solidly established, and are getting to be understood. The late Vladimir Soloviev, looking to the fact that the vast majority of the Orthodox are in good faith and not responsible for the schismatic action of their rulers, thought it possible, whilst requiring of those anxious for reunion submission to the authority of the Holy See, otherwise to leave them as they are to worship in the schismatic churches. But it is difficult to see how this can be without a *communicatio in sacris* with schismatics.

2.—SOCIAL ACTION IN IRELAND.¹

The social pandemonium which, after raging in Dublin, has raised deafening echoes in this country, is not likely, one might think, to be allayed by the still small voice of half a dozen penny pamphlets by an Irish priest. Yet the attractive little volume before us, though it is not likely (nor, indeed, is it intended) to have any particular influence on the actual dispute now in progress, is far more significant than the loud and whirling words to which we have been treated from public platforms or in the press. It is symptomatic of a movement, still in its infancy, which, we may confidently hope, will in time render a repetition of the Dublin trouble impossible: a movement which is beginning in the right way and at the right end.

Uninspired prophecy is commonly perilous as well as thankless: but if it is to have any value at all it must be based upon those elements of the present situation which really are potential, though they may not be prominent. The present reviewer, seven years ago, contributed to the *Dublin Review* an article on the Church in France which, at the time, was regarded as wildly optimistic. While admitting that the con-

¹ Social Action Series of Penny Pamphlets. By the Rev. Lambert McKenna, S.J. In one Volume. Price 1s. cloth. Dublin: Irish Messenger Office. 1913.

dition of the Church in France was "simply deplorable," and was likely to get worse for some years to come, the article pointed to certain Catholic social movements, then unimportant in France, and quite unknown in England, and claimed that they held the promise of a great revival. The article by M. Fonsegrive in the current number of the *Dublin Review* shows that this has actually been the case.

In Ireland, then, there are forces now at work which will fell. Here as elsewhere it is the attitude of the Catholic (and especially of the priest) to social problems that is the key of the situation. That a change of mentality was required is frankly admitted by Father McKenna, S.J., the author of the pamphlets; that it is taking place is evinced by the appearance of the pamphlets themselves.

Nowhere in Europe, I make bold to say, is social charity, as distinguished from almsgiving-charity, less known or practised. In every parish in the land, in town and country, there are many pious earnest Catholics who perform their religious duties with regularity, whose lives are models of all the domestic and religious virtues, who give open-handedly of their hard-earned and not too abundant means to the charitable institutions of their neighbourhood, and who give generously alms to the poor whom they meet in the streets or on the highway.

Having done this they rest content. It never occurs to them that their charity should mean anything else than alms-giving or their annual subscription to a hospital or an orphanage. Yet the enlightened Christian charity recommended by the Pope, and which we must practise if we are, as St. Paul says, "to re-establish all things in Christ" (Eph. i.), means much more. It means that we should interest ourselves in the conditions of life, in the prospects and difficulties of our poor brethren; that we should examine into the causes of their suffering; it means that it is more blessed to prevent disease than to cure it; more blessed to give good dwellings to the poor than to give them hospitals for diseases contracted in bad ones; more blessed to enable the widow to rear her children than to place them in industrial schools; more blessed to give work than a dinner or two to the starving man; more blessed to have the young taught a useful trade than to secure them a job that will teach them nothing; more blessed to educate in Christian principles and unite in Christian associations the helpless day-labourers and the work-women than to give them odd doles and odd jobs. In short, God asks each of us to give to His suffering brethren the charity of our personal effort as well as that of money, the gift of self—a greater and more costly gift than that of alms. (pp. 11, 112.)

These booklets will do much to superimpose a "social sense" upon the charitable sense which distinguishes the Catholics of Ireland. They deal with the relation of Catholic principles to Labour, Working Men, Working Women, the Working Child, Trade Unions and Social Work; and there is an excellent introductory pamphlet on the Social Question by Father P. Connolly, S.J. It is to be hoped that they will have a large circulation in England also. Members of study clubs will find them invaluable.

3.—MODERNISM AND MODERN THOUGHT.¹

Under the title of *Modernism and Modern Thought*, Father Bampton has revised and published some lectures he delivered early in the present year, partly at Westminster Cathedral, partly at Farm Street Church. The subject is opportune. There is not much Modernism among English Catholics, but "the spirit of Modernism is abroad at the present time" and "infects much of the thought and literature of the day." Hence the subject is much talked of, though few are aware what is the nature of the system. The ordinary Englishman, who gets his training from the newspapers, goes merely by the word, and finds it hard to conceive why the Holy See should condemn, as it were, *in globo*, the discoveries and achievements, mental and material, which are the glory of our age. He is quite unconscious that this system, under the pretext of furnishing a quite unnecessary reconciliation between the Christian faith and modern science, invites him to keep the old terms by which we have been wont through the ages to express our faith, but to instil into them a new meaning, and thereby make them signify a creed of essentially different character. Thus, whilst still confessing that Jesus Christ is God, it would have him understand thereby that for history the Jesus who was crucified on Calvary is not God but mere man, and yet that for faith, that is, for the belief of Christians, He is God, this belief having expanded the divine element in Him as in us all, transfigured Him, and deified Him. It would have him still confess his belief in the Catholic Church, yet so as to understand by it a Church, not founded by Christ Himself, but founded by the Collective Conscience inspired by Christ, and exercising an

¹ By Joseph Bampton, S.J. London and Edinburgh: Sands and Co. Price, 2s. net. Pp. 118. 1913.

authority over its individual members which comes not from Christ, but from this same Collective Conscience. It would have him still confess the dogma of the Real Presence, yet so as to mean by it, not that Jesus Christ is really present in the Sacred Host, but that it will do him good to adopt the same attitude towards the consecrated Host as one would adopt were our Lord really present in it.

Observe, says Father Bampton, the Modernist's standpoint:

We do not say (they explain) that these dogmas [of the Christian revelation] are true to fact. On the contrary, in some instances at least, as in that of Christ's resurrection, we expressly deny it. But still we say that they are not to be called false. For they are true in two senses. First with symbolic truth; secondly with practical or instrumental truth. Although they are not true to fact, you may act as if they were, and you are the better for doing so. . . . And on hearing this stated, it occurs to us at once to say, this is Pragmatism.

This will give the reader, so far ignorant of the subject, a rudimentary idea of what is involved. But Father Bampton, in seven concise Lectures, traces the genesis of the theory from the initial Idealism of which Kant may be regarded as the *coryphaeus*; through the stages of its development in the substitution of blind sentiment for external revelation, of symbolic and pragmatic for exegetical interpretation of the pronouncements of Scripture and Church authority on the meaning of the dogmas of the creed; and with illustrations of the bearing of the system on the most fundamental truths of revelation. He has adopted a popular style to meet the needs of the class for whom he writes, but it is a popular style of the best sort, bright, simple, lucid and exact. His little volume can be of solid use in "supplying Catholics with as much information as they need for their instruction and training on this question of Modernism."

4.—TWO ANTIQUARY'S BOOKS.¹

Pressure upon our space compels us to notice under one heading two very excellent volumes of the series which Dr. J. C. Cox is editing for Messrs. Methuen. The earlier in point

¹ Churchwardens' Accounts. By J. Charles Cox. Pp. xviii, 366. Ancient Painted Glass in England. By Philip Nelson. Pp. xviii, 280. Both published by Methuen, London. Price, 7s. 6d. net each volume. 1913.

of date is a monograph contributed by the Editor himself and we have no hesitation in ranking it among the most useful of the handbooks included in the collection. The supreme merit of this dissertation upon *Churchwardens' Accounts* is that it covers new ground, bringing into one focus a mass of material scattered through the transactions of all sorts of learned societies. Dr. Cox has himself, of course, a first-hand knowledge of the subject, and he is as well equipped as any man in England to decipher and interpret the uncouthly written and fantastically spelt entries of the early churchwardens and their clerks. But more than this, the author, owing to the wide range of his interest in English ecclesiastical antiquities, has a sure appreciation of what is really exceptional and important in these documents. The classification of his material is excellent. He gives prominence to those details in this vast jumble heap of forgotten items of expenditure which will be helpful to those students of the past who are engaged upon other lines of research, be they experts in church furniture, or campanology, or liturgical science, or music or architecture. One of the most valuable features of the volume is the chronological list of wardens' accounts, especially of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This alone is a piece of labour-saving apparatus which to many students would be worth the cost of the whole volume. There are dozens of out-of-the-way items in this volume about which we would gladly make extracts, not least of all perhaps the useful little appendix upon consecration crosses (which after all might with advantage have been longer than it is), but the very multiplicity of topics makes choice difficult. We can only say that it is a storehouse of suggestive material for ecclesiologists of every *Fach*.

Hardly less valuable is Mr. Philip Nelson's volume on *Ancient Painted Glass in England*. Here again we know of no readily accessible volume of convenient size in which one may find a general view of the subject with an exact and relatively complete discussion of points of detail. Mr. Nelson's book, the arrangement of which is mainly chronological, fairly covers the whole ground and its utility is much increased by the abundant illustrations. Perhaps it might be thought that more space might have been given to the discussion of the characteristics of manufacture, colouring, and artistic treatment at the different periods, but we are prepared to make sacrifices in order to find room for the seemingly,

complete and in any case invaluable "County Lists of Ancient Glass" which occupy a good three-quarters of the whole volume. The compiling of these lists, which deal with the surviving specimens, so far as they are known, county by county and parish by parish in alphabetical order must have entailed immense labour. Even if fuller investigation should necessitate many additions and occasional corrections in these 210 pages of small print, still Mr. Nelson must claim the gratitude of all students for supplying them with a ground-work calculated to save their time and to facilitate enormously the progress of their own more detailed researches. Both the volumes here noticed seem to be provided with full indexes, but we confess that we have made no attempt to test their completeness.

5.—QUEEN MARY TUDOR.¹

It is certainly matter for infinite regret that Dr. James Gairdner should not have lived to complete the task which he had set himself of providing a complete history of the reign of Queen Mary. Without saying that this period of our annals has been precisely neglected, it has been made the battlefield of all sorts of partizan views, and controversial purpose rather than the love of truth has dominated most of those writers who have dealt with it. Now Dr. Gairdner, while a sincere Anglican, was pre-eminently an honest student of history. Although the complications of Mary's reign had only attracted his special attention in the last years of his life, still he had worked up to it by such a supremely intimate knowledge of every detail recorded in the previous century or more that no man could be better equipped to estimate the real significance of the acts and strivings of the Queen and her councillors. It is in interpretation that experience and knowledge tell. Where the materials of history are abundant almost any one can find a sufficiency of facts to make out a plausible case for a pet theory. Should any writer wish to show that Mary deserved the sobriquet under which English Protestantism has held her up to the execration of posterity, it is not so difficult to discover indications of blood-thirstiness. It requires a

¹ *Lollardy and the Reformation in England.* By James Gairdner, LL.D. &c. Vol. IV. Pp. xiv, 422. Price, 10s. 6d. net. London: Macmillan. 1913.

man of Dr. Gairdner's range of knowledge to appreciate the truth that the same could be collected for almost any prominent character in sixteenth century history. Imperfect as this fragment is—it covers only the first year of Mary's reign from her accession in July, 1553, until her marriage in July, 1554—it fills a substantial volume of 400 pages, and was well worth publishing. The later chapters, left in an unfinished state by the author, have received some necessary interpolations from the pen of Dr. W. Hunt, these additions being indicated by square brackets. Dr. Gairdner was far, no doubt, from having come to an end of his researches into the material available for Mary's reign when death surprised him, but he has left us enough of completed work to make it clear that his more mature judgment upon the Queen did not in any conspicuous respect depart from that which he had already pronounced in his *History of the English Church during the Reformation period* or in his second volume on *Lollardy*. To Mary's humanity and gentleness of character he repeatedly bears testimony, and also to her high religious principle and sense of duty. After quoting a passage in which the Spanish Ambassador Renard, in one of his despatches, comments a little contemptuously upon the Queen's goodness and inexperience, and upon the venality of her advisers, Dr. Gairdner remarks:

It is not pleasant to read this acute foreigner's estimate of English statesmen, and scarcely more so to learn from his own words how easily the good, gentle and inexperienced Queen could be entrapped as she actually was into a marriage which was not for the good of her kingdom, though it was only from a high sense of duty that she was induced to marry at all.

This impression regarding the marriage with Philip, in support of which Dr. Gairdner cites much documentary evidence, is emphasized by our historian in more than one passage, as for example when he writes (p. 241): "Mary had no mind to marry for her own sake, it was solely for her country's." At the same time in refusing to entertain the idea that the Queen had been swept off her feet by a violent passion for the Spanish King, Dr. Gairdner lends equally little countenance to the theory of the French Ambassador that she was really in love with Reginald Pole. "She was certainly anxious for his coming," we are told, "but it was for another reason, though her high regard for him was unquestionable."

Unfinished as this work is, we should have been sorry to have been deprived of it, if only for the reason that it proves that the writer spent his last days, as well as so much of his laborious early life, in bearing witness to what he knew to be historical truth, even though the frank telling of the truth was not at any time likely to prove the road either to popularity or to pecuniary emolument.

Short Notices.

HOMILETIC.

MANY writers have dealt with the paradoxes which the intrusion into human affairs of a divine institution like the Catholic Church has brought about. For the function of the Church is to regulate everything in view of man's supreme end, whereas the human spirit tends always to pursue the means without restraint. The Church ever preaches that finite good turns to evil when sought for immoderately: the world recognizes no other good save what is finite. Pulling now the right-hand rein, now the left, using alternately curb and spur, the Church is often accused by the superficial of herself dealing in extremes and trying to reconcile incompatibles. Newman, in his *Development* and *Lectures to Anglicans*, has discussed the phenomenon, C. S. Devas, in that masterly essay in social history, *The Key to the World's Progress*, devotes many pages to its formal treatment, and now Monsignor R. H. Benson, in **Paradoxes of Catholicism** (Longmans: 3s. 6d. net), a series of condensed sermons, elaborates the theme in a fresh and convincing manner. He has a wonderful gift of entering into the anti-Christian mind and he states what may be said against the Church with startling force and clearness. But he shows no less vividly how the Catholic spirit must needs be thus misunderstood, and provides as confidently the key to its interpretation. This is no mere book of sermons, but a valuable contribution to Catholic apologetic.

Pastor Heinrich Hansjakob, of Freiburg, takes us charmingly into his confidence, in his preface to his six Lenten discourses, entitled **Grace** (Herder: 2s.), which have been adequately rendered into English by the Rev. J. McSorley, C.S.P., as to the history of the volume. The sermons were preached in 1889, were revised and corrected for the press in 1907, but did not appear until two years later. In spite of the author's diffidence they were well worth putting in permanent form. They deal rather with the causes and the effects of Grace than with its theological nature, nor do they enter into the subtleties debated in the schools, but they abound in practical illustrations and helpful suggestions.

Fr. Hickey, O.S.B., had produced a third series of **Short Sermons** (Washbourne: 3s. 6d.), which are practically short studies of the lives of various saints, and so may fitly be used for devotional reading.

Another volume of sermons which are apparently taken from German sources by the Rev. Edward Jones, is entitled **The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church** (Herder: 6s. net), and also forms the third of a series. They have the Sacraments for their general theme, and furnish luminous expositions of the functions of these ordinances in the Church.

APOLOGETIC AND DEVOTIONAL.

The Veneration of the Blessed Virgin (Benziger: 2s.), by the Rev. B. Rohner, O.S.B., adapted (from the German?) by the Rev. R. Brennan, a reprint of a book originally issued in 1898, provides a very complete if somewhat uncritical account of the various grounds and aspects of devotion to our Lady, scriptural, theological, historical and liturgical.

A refreshing originality of treatment, sound learning, simplicity and directness of language, characterize the volume called **The Human Soul and its Relations with other Spirits** (Herder: 5s. net.), by Dom Anscar Vonier, O.S.B., Abbot of Buckfast. The theologian will read it with pleasure, for he will recognize under its clear and unconventional style the common teaching of the Church: the layman will peruse it with profit, for it translates into ordinary speech what is often obscured by technicalities. The non-Catholic will find it illuminating as indicating how reasonable and how consonant with fact Catholic theology is. The Abbot is already known for the freshness of his thought in preaching. This excellent treatise will further enhance his reputation.

Cochem's Life of Christ (Benziger: 2s.), adapted from the German by the Rev. B. Hammer, O.F.M., is another reprint (the book was first published in 1896), of a book which, in its original form, dates from the seventeenth century. It is not strictly a biography of our Lord but a pious running commentary on the Gospel narrative, simple and full of unction.

Father K. Digby-Beste's translation of the **Carthusian Spiritual Exercises** of Michael of Coutances (Burns and Oates: 5s. net), which we warmly commended in February last, has already reached a second edition. This is enriched by an elaborate index, the translation has been revised, and the former garish cover replaced by a neater one. We still dislike the paper, but better, no doubt, could not be given for the price, for the book is a large one. It will furnish a mine of devotional thoughts for lovers of prayer.

In his **Spiritism Unveiled** (Sands: 2s. 6d. net) Dom D. J. Lanslots, O.S.B., has collected together a great number of records of spiritualistic phenomena, a residuum of which, after making all due deductions for ignorance and fraud, is undoubtedly as well established as human evidence can make it. He has also examined what noted mediums and adepts say of their profession, and what is recorded as the utterances of the spirits themselves. From this material he deduces two irrefutable conclusions—first, that man has the power of entering into communication with beings of another world; secondly, that these beings so invoked are invariably spirits of evil. Spontaneous visitations are of another class, and, so far as they cannot be ascribed to the mysterious faculty called telepathy, are generally connected with good. Dom Lanslots sets forth the Church's teaching on this matter in a very clear light, and leaves his readers under no illusions as to the grave moral and physical harm which results from spiritistic practices.

POETRY.

Spite of the odiousness of comparisons one cannot help comparing and contrasting Miss Emily Hickey, whose *Later Poems* (Grant Richards: 1s. 6d. net) have just been issued in a dainty volume, with Christina Rossetti. With the exception of a long poem taken from a subject in Irish mythology, finely and artistically treated, yet lacking in personal interest, the outlook of the rest is wholly spiritual. Her equal in poetic skill, the Catholic poetess surpasses the Anglican, naturally enough, in a fuller grasp of revealed truth and in subtle insight into religious mysteries.

As befits their provenance, *Poems* (Devin-Adair Co., New York), by Sister Mary Blanche, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, are mainly concerned with sacred subjects or treat things mundane from a spiritual standpoint. They show considerable poetic aptitude, a practised command of rhyme and metre, and a delicate fancy.

The same qualities in even fuller measure mark the volume entitled *Glimpses of the Unseen* (Elkin Matthews: 1s. net), by W. Robert Hall. Particularly charming are the Sonnets, fetters in which none but the most skilful muse can move gracefully. But in lyric measures Mr. Hall also excels, and his verse throughout touches depths of feeling not to be fathomed by a mere amateur of the poetic art.

Miss Mary Wall, authoress of *The Millionaire and Other Poems* (Stockwell: 1s. net), cultivates a sombre Muse in a great variety of measures, skilfully enough employed. There is evidence that the poetess has learnt in suffering what she teaches in song; poetic feeling is there, but in excess of poetic art: the fruit would be richer and sweeter were the tree more ruthlessly pruned.

The Old Testament Rhymes (Longmans: 1s. and 2s.), which Mgr. Benson has composed and which Gabriel Pippet has illustrated, will make a charming gift-book for the Christmas season. It is not easy to sum up a character or an episode in a few lines of ballad metre, but Mgr. Benson generally succeeds. Mr. Pippet's drawings are unequal: they are full of imagination, but the execution is often faulty, especially in regard to human faces and figures. The most striking, to our mind, is that representing the Egyptian plague of darkness.

FICTION.

The present and prevalent "labour unrest" gives especial point to Mr. Philip Gibbs' new novel, *A Master of Life* (Cassell and Co.: 6s.), which, at least incidentally, is a singularly vivid description of the awakening of our political masters, the working classes, to the many inhuman conditions of their lot. The hero is a young Yorkshire mill-owner, educated outside the traditions of the commercial world, and bringing to bear on the accepted creed of his caste a keen analysis which it is not able to meet. His own fortunes, the gradually shaping of his character under the blows of circumstance and the kindlier manipulation of two faithful friends, a man and a woman, form the main theme of the book. It is full of life and movement, full, too, of that skilful character-drawing in which Mr. Gibbs excels, and it adds yet another to the charming gallery of nobly-conceived women which his pen has portrayed. But Pearl Lavington, who consistently shows, under stress of terrible trials, what Catholic principles can do to make life really heroic, disappoints us just at the end when she chooses to act,

not on principle, but through caprice, and refuses to marry, for no plainly discernible reason, the man whom she loves and who loves her. One feels that she is needlessly quixotic. She no longer embodies and illustrates a noble ideal. The cult of celibacy needs some high motive, natural or supernatural, to make it admirable. That motive does not appear, and we regret that so fine a book should close on so weak a note.

Ever since the appearance of *The Idea of Mary's Meadow*, lovers of literature have been waiting for a further harvest from that rich domain where Betty is being trained to sainthood. But in **Sweet-Scented Leaves and Other Stories** (Ludlow: 5s. post free) Mrs. Armel O'Connor has turned her eyes upon the world at large and has drawn from her gaze a series of studies, mostly of lowly or hidden lives, delicate, spiritual, humorous, like all that comes from her pen. It is a delight to meet with a writer who is keen to see "the beauty of kindly deeds and of virtues hardly won," and has such skill to represent it.

From the great house of Benziger Bros., New York, comes a stream of story-books, swollen by the approach of the Christmas season, when Nature freezes and the hearts of uncles and aunts melt. **The Children of the Log-Cabin** (2s. 9d.), by Henriette Delamare, is a bright story full of woodland adventures, with many an edifying episode as well. A wider field is covered by **In Quest of the Golden Chest** (3s. 6d. net), which includes piracy and wreck and adventures in Hayti, loss and recovery of the treasure, and a very satisfactory *dénouement*. There is a treasure-chest also in **The Turn of the Tide** (2s.), by Mary Agatha Gray, but this pleasant story is confined to peaceful English scenes, wherein it moves with grace to a tranquil close. We are in ancient Rome during the second century of the Christian era in Jerome Harte's **The Light of His Countenance** (2s.), a thrilling story of the early persecutions, which reproduces with skill the atmosphere of the time. **Bond and Free** (2s.), by Jean Connor, is a modern story, excellently told, of love and virtue and villainy, with an exciting course and a happy ending. It is with strange interest that we greet once again **Dion and the Sibyls** (2s.), by Miles Gerald Keon; an old favourite of boyhood, written some forty years ago and long-forgotten, but well worth reviving, if only the present age can be brought to admire sound classical learning, combined with great dramatic and descriptive power. Mary Nixon-Roulet, in **The Little Marshalls at the Lake** (2s.), continues her charming account of some very natural children in pleasant country surroundings.

From America also come **Billy-Boy** (Ave Maria Press: 7s. c.), by Mary Waggaman, a quite charming story, very skilfully constructed, concerning a young adventurer in the West, who, by pure innocence of heart, reclaims an erring brother and secures the fortunes of his family. **The Silence of Sebastian** (Ave Maria Press: \$1.25) is an absorbing record of the straits into which loyalty to the dead can bring an upright and noble character. The authoress, Miss Anna T. Sadlier, in her crisp dialogue and clever sketches of personality, betrays the practised hand.

MISCELLANEOUS.

As throwing abundant light on the real character of the English Reformation, and effectually pricking the bubble-theory of continuity which is being so vigorously re-blown to-day, few books have done better

service than Dr. Jessopp's *One Generation of a Norfolk House* (Burns and Oates: 7s. 6d. net), a third edition of which, revised from the author's notes, has just been published. Nearly thirty-four years ago¹ Father John Morris, himself well-read in Elizabethan history, warmly welcomed Dr. Jessopp's second edition and bore testimony to the fairness and candour of its author. We may echo Father Morris's hope "that every Catholic will arm himself with a copy and try to get it read by the Protestants about him as widely as he can."

A volume of considerable importance concerned with the social framework, is Father E. J. Burke's *Political Economy, designed for use in Catholic Colleges, High Schools and Academies* (American Book Company: \$1.25). This is the first attempt in America to deal on a large scale with the "dismal science" from the standpoint of Catholic Ethics. The result is quite comparable with the standard English Catholic work, Devas's *Political Economy*. The matter is, generally speaking, the same in both, but Father Burke develops certain points—such as Banking, Protection, Railroads, Trusts, Insurance—much more fully than they are found in the older work. The treatise has in view primarily the conditions obtaining in the States, but the bulk of it is of universal application. Its utility has been tested and its positions hammered out by long experience in the class-room. An admirable feature is the summary, in the form of questions, ending each chapter. The book will be valued by the growing forces of our social students.

The interest of ecclesiastical publishers, suspended for the moment in regard to the Breviary, is finding scope in new editions of works not yet in process of change. Messrs. Pustet and Co. have just issued a beautiful edition of the *Rituale Romanum*, declared typical by decree of the S.C.R. in June, 1913, in a very handy format (seven and a half by five inches and three-fifths of an inch thick) with clear print and opaque paper at prices varying from 4s. 8d. to 10s., according to style. Also in the *Bibliotheca Ascetica*, Father Druzicki's *Mensis Eucharisticus*, a vast collection of eucharistic devotions for the use of the clergy, dedicated in four "weeks" to God, to Our Lord, to the Blessed Virgin and to the Saints.

Canon Cooper-Marsdin, of Rochester, has produced an historical study of great interest in his *History of the Islands of the Lerins* (Cambridge University Press: 10s. 6d. net). His account of the rise, growth and varied career of the great monastery associated with the name of St. Honoratus, which was situated on the beautiful island of Le Lerins, off the French coast near Cannes, is characterized by a painstaking accuracy and thoroughness. Equally thorough is his discussion of the great personalities connected with the monastery, Prelates, most of them, of the Catholic Church. Not until he comes to expound their theological writings—the famous Vincent, of course, was one of them—are we forced to disagree with this Anglican dignitary who, naturally enough, writes from the standpoint of his own Church. He suffers, as all must who, outside the stream of Catholic tradition, endeavour, as it were *à priori*, to interpret the doctrine of various teachers. Let us hope that his airy dictum—"We are all semipelagians now" (p. 80)—refers only to some of his own acquaintance.

¹ THE MONTH, June, 1879.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

A fifth series of **Some Protestant Fictions Exposed** has been issued by the C.T.S. in a shilling volume. Experience has long shown that the exposure and explosion of Protestant fictions does not necessarily result in their being withdrawn from the stage. Hence this collection should be preserved by all those who are liable to be attacked on the score of these various misrepresentations or who wish to have samples at hand of the methods of the anti-Catholic. Another shilling volume contains a collection of **Oratorian Biographies** with Father Ross's account of the Congregation itself—seven Lives, beginning with St. Philip and ending with Cardinal Newman. The volume forms a worthy addition to those already issued, dealing similarly with the older orders.

Amongst penny pamphlets we have **Cardinal Beaton**, by the Rev. H. G. Graham, a fine vindication of a much maligned historical figure; **The Record of an Impostor**, by A. Hilliard Atteridge, a complete exposure of a bogus priest who is at present "doing time," but who figured for a space even on respectable Protestant platforms; **Anglican Orders**, by C. G. Mortimer, B.A., a lucid exposition and summing up of that question, plentifully documented; **Christopher Columbus**, by Father Tristram, embodying the latest researches; and **A Confirmation Book for Boys**, an excellent little manual by the author of the popular *Scouts' Prayer-Book*, the Right Rev. Bishop Butt.

Messrs. Washbourne's **Catholic Diary for 1914** (1s. net and 2s. net) is as neat as before, and as full as ever of useful information.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

ALLENSON, London.

The Mending of Life. By R. Rolle, of Hampole. Edited by Rev. Dundas Harford. Pp. lv, 96. Price, 1s. 6d. net. 1913.

AMERICAN BOOK CO., New York.

Political Economy for Schools. By E. J. Burke, S.J. Pp. xiv, 479. Price, \$1.40. 1913.

BENZIGER, New York.

Cochem's Life of Christ. Adapted by Rev. B. Hammer, O.F.M. Pp. 314. Price, 2s. 1913. *Rohner's Veneration of the Blessed Virgin.* Adapted by Rev. R. Brennan, L.L.D. Pp. 336. Price, 2s. 1913. *Dion and the Sibyls.* By Miles Gerard Keon. Pp. 475. Price, 2s. 1913. *Bond and Free.* By Jean Connor. Pp. 273. Price, 2s. 1913. *The Light of His Countenance.* By Jerome Harte. Pp. vi, 276. Price, 2s. 1913. *The Turn of the Tide.* By Mary A. Gray. Pp. 387. Price, 2s. 1913. *The Little Marshalls at the Lake.* By Mary Nixon-Roulet. Pp. 159. Price, 2s. net. 1913. *The Children of the Log Cabin.* By H. E. Delamare. Pp. 174. Price, 85 c. 1913. *In Quest of the Golden Chest.* By George Barton. Pp. 325. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1913.

BURNS AND OATES, London.

Spiritual Exercises. By J. Michael of Coutances. Translated and edited by K. Digby-Beste, Cong. Orat. and edit. Pp. xxxviii, 494. Price, 5s. net. 1913.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

Early Latin Hymnaries. By Rev. James Mearns, M.A. Pp. xx, 107. Price, 5s. net. 1913. *The Beautiful.* By Vernon Lee. Pp. vii, 158. Price, 1s. net. 1913. *A Grammar of English Heraldry.* By W. H. St.-J. Hope. Pp. xiv, 127. Price, 1s. net. 1913. *The Evolution of New Japan.* By J. H. Longford. Pp. v, 166. Price, 1s. net. 1913. *Latin Quantity and Accent.* By F. W. Westaway. Pp. xvi, 111. Price, 3s. net. 1913. *A National System of Education.* By J. H. Whitehouse, M.P. Pp. 92. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1913.

CASSILL, London.

A Master of Life. By Philip Gibbs. Pp. 312. Price, 6s. 1913.

ELKIN MATHEWS, London.

Irish Literary and Musical Studies. By A. P. Graves. Pp. 240. Price, 6s. net. 1913.

FISHER UNWIN, London.

Baroque Architecture. By Martin Shaw Briggs. With 109 illustrations. Pp. 238. Price, 21s. net. 1913.

GABALDA, Paris.

- Vie de Saur Marie de Jésus Crucifié.* By Père Estrade. Pp. xviii, 407. Price, 3.50 fr. 1913. *La Révolution primitive.* From the German of Père Schmidt. By Père Lemonnyer, O.P. Pp. xv, 359. Price, 3.50 fr. 1913. *Jésus-Christ at L'Église.* By Abbé Cristiani. Pp. 202. Price, 2.00 fr. 1913.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.

- Oratorian Biographies.* Price, 1s. *Some Protestant Fictions Exposed.* 5th Series. Price, 1s. *Various Penny Pamphlets.*

HERDER, London and St. Louis.

- Eucharist and Penance in the First Six Centuries.* From the German of Gerhard Rauschen. Pp. viii, 258. Price, 5s. net. 1913. *The Catholic Church the True Church of the Bible.* By Very Rev. Dean O'Connell. Pp. vii, 346. Price, 5s. net. 1913. *Casus Conscientie.* By F. Lehmkuhl. 2 Vols. Edit. 4a. Pp. xiv, 1,244. Price, 16s. (paper); 20s. (bound). *The Human Soul and its Relations with Other Spirits.* By Dom Anscar Vonier, O.S.B. Pp. viii, 368. Price, 5s. net. 1913. *Elementa Philosophiæ Scholasticæ.* By Dr. Seb. Reinstadler. 2 Vols. Edit. 8a. Pp. xlviii, 1,050. Price, 6s. 9d. (paper); 8s. (cloth). 1913. *Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ.* By Christian Pesch. Vol. III. Pp. viii, 304. Price, 5s. and 6s. *The Life of Christ.* By Maurice Meschler, S.J. 2 Vols. Revised Edition. Pp. xxvii, 672; ix, 678. Price, 14s. net. 1913.

"IRISH MESSENGER" OFFICE, Dublin.

- The Church and Labour.* By L. M'Kenna, S.J., M.A. Pp. 124. Price, 1s. net. 1913.

LAURENS, Paris.

- La Musique Grégorienne.* By Dom A. Gataud, O.S.B. Pp. 126. Price, 2.50 fr. 1913.

LETHIELLEUX, Paris.

- François Suarez.* By Père R. de Scorraillé. Two Vols. Pp. xxi, 484, 550. Price, 15 fr. 1913. *Correspondance de Louis Veuillot.* Tome VIII 2e edit. Pp. iv, 555. Price, 6.00 fr. 1913. *Choix de Pensées de L. Veuillot.* Extraictes par G. Cerceau. Pp. 168. Price, 1.00 fr. 1913.

LIBRERIA EDITRICE FIORENTINA, Florence.

- Storia Delle Religioni.* Vol. I. Translated from the English by G. Bruscoli. Pp. 297. Price, 1913.

LONGMANS AND CO., London.

- The Life of J. H. Newman.* By Wilfrid Ward. 2 Vols. (Cheaper Edition). Pp. 654, 627. Price, 12s. 6d. net. 1913. *Some Loose Stones.* By R. A. Knox. Pp. xxiv, 233. Price, 4s. 6d. net. 1913. *The World's Redemption.* By C. E. Rolt. Pp. ix, 336. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1913. *Policy and Paint.*

- By the author of "A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby," &c. Pp. xii, 221. Price, 2s. net. 1913. *Sermons and Homilies.* By Canon E. English. Pp. 295. Price, 4s. net. 1913. *Churches in the Modern State.* By J. N. Figgis. Pp. xiii, 265. Price, 4s. 6d. net. 1913. *The Development of English Theology in the Nineteenth Century.* By Vernon F. Storr. Pp. viii, 486. Price, 12s. 6d. net. 1913. *The Early Church in the Light of the Monuments.* By Mgr. A. S. Barnes. Pp. xx, 220. Price, 5s. net. 1913.

MACDONALD AND EVANS, London.

- The Origin and Development of Public Administration in England.* By G. T. Reid. Pp. xxii, 196. Price, 1s. 6d. 1913.

METHUEN, London.

- Rome of the Pilgrims and Martyrs.* By Ethel R. Barker. Pp. xv, 380. Price, 12s. 6d. net. 1913.

PUSTET, Rome and New York.

- Mensis Eucharisticus.* By Gaspar Druzicki, S.J. Pp. 647. Price, 2s. 6d. 1913. *Rituale Romanum.* Pp. xi, 570. Price, 4s. 8d. (unbound), 5s. 8d., &c., according to binding.

SANDS AND CO., London.

- Bergson.* By Rev. T. J. Gerrard. Pp. xii, 208. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1913. *Modernism and Modern Thought.* By Father Bampton, S.J. Pp. 118. Price, 2s. net. 1913. *St. Louis, King of France.* Pp. 264. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1913.

STOCKWELL, London.

- The Millionaire and other Poems.* By Mary Wall. Pp. 47. Price, 1s. net. 1913.

T&QUI, Paris.

- Méditations sur le mystère de l'Agonie.* By the Abbé N. Laux. Pp. viii, 168. Price, 1.00 fr. 1913. *Armelle Nicolas.* By Viscount H. le Gouvello. Pp. xvii, 366. Price, 3.50 fr. 1913. *L'Esclave des Nègres.* By Jean Charruau. Pp. 280. Price, 2.00 fr. 1913.

WASHBOURNE, London.

- The Chief Sufferings of Life and their Remedies.* From the French of Abbé Dubaut by A. M. Buchanan, M.A. Pp. viii, 256. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1913. *England and the Sacred Heart.* By Rev. G. E. Price. Pp. xv, 128. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1913. *Dume Clare's Story Telling.* By Elsa Schmidt. Pp. vii, 195. Price, 2s. 1913. *Frederic Ozanam.* By Archibald Dunn. Pp. vii, 118. Price, 1s. (wrapper), 1s. 6d. (cloth). 1913. *The Catholic Diary for 1914.* 1s. net. and 2s. net. *Roma: Ancient Subterranean and Modern Rome.* By Rev. A. Kuhn, O.S.B. Part I. Price, 1s. 3d. net.

WILLIAMS AND NORGATE, London.

- Initiation into Literature.* By Emilie Faguet. Translated by Sir Home Gordon, Bart. Pp. xi, 220. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1913.

